

ANGUS P BENNISON

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Improvement Era



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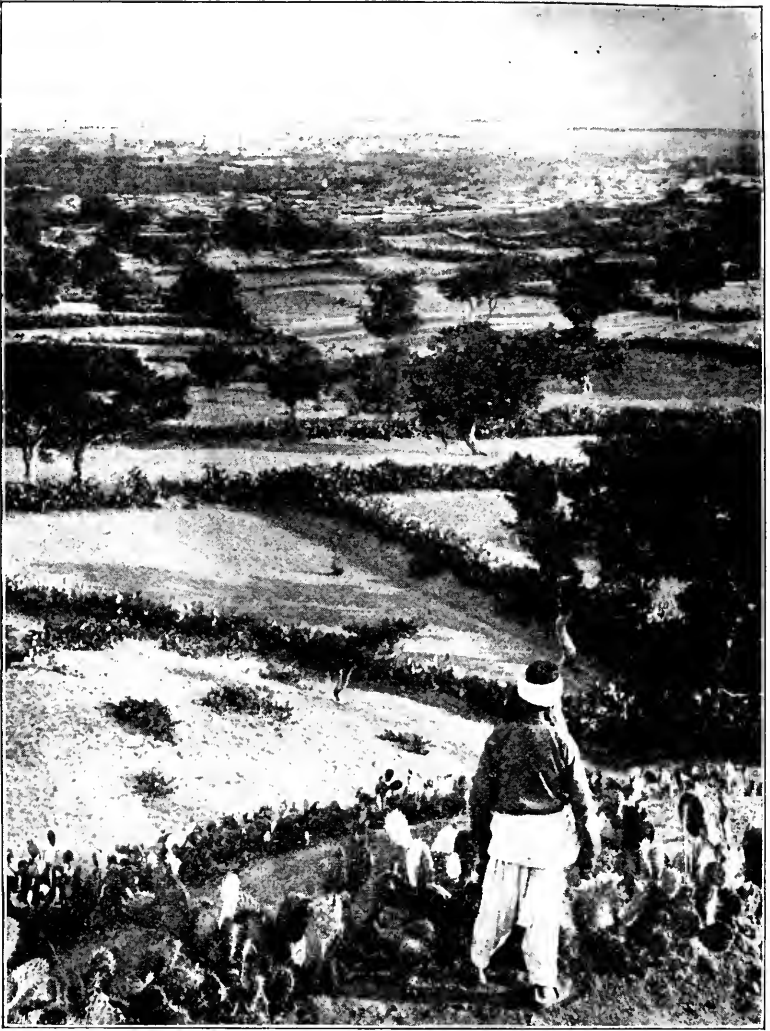
A Prayer

Lo, in our souls there is a fervent prayer,
Which we beseech, O Lord, be not in vain:
The young, the pure, the innocent, the fair,
The helpless aged, those all ruthless slain,—
Their cries the sea hath heard, the land their groans;
They sink to death beneath the choking waves,
The bird of prey flies o'er unburied bones,
Or they lie deep within the ocean caves.

And for the living, yea, our hearts must ache,
That chaos comes again to us doth seem;
Shall brutal strength a brutal right yet make,
To change the glory of the human dream?

O, from the blackness of this awful night
We wait Thy promise in, "Let there be Light!"

ALFRED LAMBOURNE



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THE CITY OF GAZA AND ENVIRONMENT

Captured by the British in November, in their steady advance through Palestine. The city is mentioned in Genesis 10:19, and frequently later in the Bible. It lies two miles inland separated by sand dunes from the Mediterranean, and is surrounded by a forest of ancient, gnarled olive trees for about three miles along the Jaffa road. Many of these trees are a thousand years old and upwards, one being measured by E. Hull, in 1884, was 19 feet in circumference, four feet from the ground.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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What is Spiritual Death?

By Joseph F. Smith, Jr., of the Council of the Twelve

What is spiritual death? This question has disturbed the peace of mind of many good people, and has been a subject for discussion in religious bodies where the testimony of the Spirit of the Lord does not control. Yet, the answer to this question is not a difficult one, and should be readily found by any member of the Church who is familiar with the scriptures.

Death, according to the accepted definition of the word, when applied to mortal man is a state of total and permanent cessation of all the vital functions, and is followed by the dissolution of the body which returns to the various elements of which it is composed. "For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," was the decree of the Lord to Adam after his fall. When death takes place the spirit which is released finds its way into the realm prepared for departed spirits, there to await the resurrection when again spirit and body will be united to continue inseparably in the state of immortality throughout eternity.

The fact that after death the body decays and crumbles into dust has led many to reason falsely that the second, or spiritual, death will be the dissolution of the spirit as well as of the body, and that this death will be pronounced upon all the wicked. This, however, is an error. The physical death, or the death of the mortal man, is not a permanent separation of the spirit and the tabernacle of flesh, notwithstanding the fact that the body returns again to the elements, but is only a temporary separation which shall cease at the resurrection day when the body shall be called forth from the dust to live again animated by spirit. This blessing comes to all men through the atonement of Christ, irrespective of their goodness or wickedness while in mortality. Paul said there should be a resurrection of both the just and the unjust (Acts 24:15), and the Savior said that all who were in

their graves should hear his voice and should come forth "they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation" (John 5:29).

Spiritual death is defined as "a state of spiritual alienation from God—the eternal separation from the Supreme Being, and condemnation to everlasting punishment which is also called the second death." In other words, the second, or spiritual, death, which is the final judgment passed upon the wicked, is the same as the first death, banishment from the presence of the Lord.

We read in the Doctrine and Covenants as follows:

"Wherefore I the Lord God caused that he [Adam] should be cast out from the garden of Eden, from my presence, because of his transgression, wherein he became spiritually dead, which is the first death, even that same death, which is the last death, which is spiritual, which shall be pronounced upon the wicked when I shall say, Depart, ye cursed.

"But, behold, I say unto you, that I the Lord God gave unto Adam and unto his seed that they should not die as to the temporal death, until I the Lord God should send forth angels to declare unto them repentance and redemption, through faith on the name of mine Only Begotten Son.

"And thus did I, the Lord God, appoint unto man the days of his probation; that by his natural death he might be raised in immortality unto eternal life, even as many as would believe.

"And they that believe not unto eternal damnation, for they cannot be redeemed from their spiritual fall, because they repent not."

From this we learn that because of Adam's transgression, a spiritual death,—banishment from the presence of the Lord—as well as the temporal death, was pronounced upon him. The spiritual death came at the time of the fall and banishment, and the seeds of the temporal death were also sown at that same time; that is, a physical change came over Adam and Eve who became mortal and were thus subject to the ills of the flesh which resulted in their gradual decline to old age and finally the separation of the spirit from the body.

Before this change took place the Lord by his own voice and the visitation and ministration of angels taught Adam the principles of the gospel and administered unto him the saving ordinances through which he was again restored to the favor of the Lord and to his presence, through the promised atonement of the Son of God. Moreover, through that atonement, not only Adam, but all his posterity were redeemed from the effects of the fall, and shall come forth in the resurrection to receive immortality.

The following scripture is very clear on this point:

"But, behold, it was appointed unto man to die; therefore as they were cut off from the tree of life they should be cut off from the face of the earth, and man became lost forever; yea, they became fallen man.

"And now we see by this, that our first parents were cut off both tem-

porally and spiritually, from the presence of the Lord; and thus we see they became subject to follow after their own will.

"Now behold it was not expedient that man should be reclaimed from this temporal death, for that would destroy the great plan of happiness;

"Therefore, as the *soul could never die*, and the fall had brought upon all mankind a spiritual death as well as a temporal; that is they were cut off from the presence of the Lord; it was expedient that mankind should be reclaimed from this spiritual death;

"Therefore as they had become carnal, sensual, and devilish, by nature, this probationary state became a state for them to prepare; it became a preparatory state" (Alma 42:8-10).

From this and the succeeding verses we discover that it was necessary, after the expulsion from the garden, for the Lord to place within the reach of Adam and his posterity the means of escape from the spiritual death, and the gospel plan was presented to them for that purpose that they could again be brought back in touch with the Lord through his Holy Spirit. But it was not expedient for them at that time to be redeemed from the mortal death, for the probationary state was given for them to prepare for their eternal reward. For this preparatory state was a proving time for all mankind that they, through their agency, might work out their salvation through obedience, or their condemnation through disobedience, to the laws of the gospel. The second chapter and the ninth chapter of II Nephi treat this subject at considerable length.

Helaman in the fourteenth chapter and seventeenth and eighteenth verses of that book adds the following:

"But, behold, the resurrection of Christ redeemeth mankind, yea, even all mankind, and bringeth them back into the presence of the Lord;

"Yea, and it bringeth to pass the condition of repentance, that whosoever repenteth, the same is not hewn down and cast into the fire; but whosoever repenteth not, is hewn down and cast into the fire, and there cometh upon them again a spiritual death, yea, a second death, for they are cut off again as to things pertaining to righteousness."

Alma testifies as follows:

"Now, behold, I have spoken unto you, concerning the death of the mortal body, and also concerning the resurrection of the mortal body, I say unto you that this mortal body is raised to an immortal body; that is from death; even from the first death unto life, that they can die no more; their spirits uniting with their bodies, never to be divided; thus the whole becoming spiritual and immortal, that they can no more see corruption" (Alma 11:45).

From the Doctrine and Covenants we receive this testimony:

"But, behold, verily I say unto you, before the earth shall pass away, Michael, mine archangel, shall sound his trumpet, and then shall all the dead awake, for their graves shall be opened, and they shall come forth; yea, even all."

"And the righteous shall be gathered on my right hand unto eternal life; and the wicked on my left hand will I be ashamed to own before the Father" (Sec. 29:26-27).

So we learn from the revealed word of God that all mankind will be redeemed from mortal death, both the just and the unjust, and shall stand before the bar of God to be judged according to their deeds while living in this life. Banishment from the presence of the Lord, which is the second death, shall be pronounced upon all those who remain, unredeemed from their sins. They shall go away to partake of their punishment and to pay the penalty of their evil deeds. However, in the mercies of the Lord, all those who have not sinned away all their rights to redemption shall eventually be redeemed from death and hell, and shall find a place somewhere in the kingdom of God which is suited to their condition of salvation (See the Doctrine and Covenants, sections 76:81-106; 88:17-32).

All those who have sinned away their claims to redemption, having placed themselves beyond the power of repentance and the forgiveness of sins, are sons of perdition. These are they, the scriptures inform us, who have known the power of the Lord, been partakers thereof, but denied the Holy Spirit after receiving it, and crucified the Savior again unto themselves and put him to an open shame, who cannot be redeemed. Therefore the Father "saves all the works of his hands, except those sons of perdition, who deny the Son after the Father has revealed him" (D. and C. 76:31-44).

Their punishment is the spiritual death which in another place is clearly defined by Alma as follows:

"And now behold I say unto you, then cometh a death, even a second death, which is a spiritual death; then is a time that whosoever dieth in his sins, as to the temporal death, shall also die a spiritual death; yea, he shall die as to things pertaining unto righteousness. * * *

"Then I say unto you, they shall be as though there had been no redemption made; for they cannot be redeemed according to God's justice; and they cannot die, seeing there is no more corruption" (12:16-18).

One more quotation from the Lamanite prophet, Samuel, will suffice:

"But, behold, the resurrection of Christ redeemeth mankind, yea, even all mankind, and bringeth them back into the presence of the Lord;

"Yea, and it bringeth to pass the condition of repentance, that whosoever repenteth not, is hewn down and cast into the fire, and there cometh upon them again a spiritual death, yea, a second death, for they are cut off again as to things pertaining to righteousness" (Helaman 14:17-18).

From these passages, and there are many more that could be given, we learn that the second death is not the destruction of the body and the spirit, but a banishment into outer-darkness

away from the presence of the Lord, where they who partake of it are without the light, and dead as to all things pertaining to righteousness. They cannot be led by the Spirit of the Lord, their advancement is shut off, for they become followers of, and subject to, the will of Lucifer, once Son of the Morning, but now Perdition, the father of lies, because he rebelled against the Father and sought to destroy his work.

Let us be thankful, indeed, that the number who shall thus be punished are very, very few, and only those who wilfully place themselves beyond the power of redemption will partake thereof. "All the rest shall be brought forth by the resurrection of the dead, through the triumph and the glory of the Lamb, who was slain, who was in the bosom of the Father, before the worlds were made."

The American Mother's Prayer

Great God, who keepeth watch within

The shadow, as the ages pass;

Who loveth all humanity,

The high, the low, the struggling mass;

Give us this day the strength to bear

Our rightful burdens, is our prayer.

Pressed to our lips we feel the cup

Of sorrow, heartache, suff'ring, pain.

'Tis brimming o'er with briny tears

And haunting fears we can't restrain,—

Our soldier sons may pay the price

Of death, perhaps succumb to vice.

The cup is bitter, Lord, we pray,

If thou canst fill thy righteous plan

To plant a peace that lasts for aye

And build the brotherhood of man

Without this suff'ring, Lord, we cry,

Oh let this bitter cup pass by.

But, if full suff'ring must attend

This birth of world democracy,

This founding of Christ's peace on earth,—

When "might is right" shall cease to be;—

Complete the work Thou hast begun,

Though we drain the cup, Thy will be done.

Bunkerville, Nevada

Annie Woodbury Hafen.

An Aged Recruit

By H. R. Merrill

The old gentleman, with head thrown back and fine old figure erect, entered the recruiting station where a young captain of infantry sat casting up totals preparing to close for the day.

"Good evening, Captain!"

The Captain raised his head, his eyes taking in at a glance the straight old figure, and the keen gray eyes that peered out at him from under their heavy gray brows.

"Good evening, sir," he replied, as he rose from his chair. "How can I serve you?"

"I want to enlist as a private in the Idaho infantry."

The Captain smiled showing his fine teeth as he reached out his hand.

"Shake hands, sir, I am delighted to meet a man like you. I wish more younger men possessed your splendid American spirit, but I'm afraid—"

"There, there, my boy, don't say no moah until I explain. Sit down, I want to tell you why I want to enlist."

"But you're twenty-five years over age—"

"Never mind the aige, I'm as good as twenty enemies yit."

"I'll call Colonel Irvine, perhaps you would better speak to him."

The young officer went to a door near the rear of the room and presently a middle-aged gentleman appeared.

"This gentleman," the Captain began, "is anxious to enlist in the infantry."

"—— Idaho," the old gentleman put in.

"But my good man. You're—" the Colonel began, when he was interrupted by the old Southerner.

"I know I'm too old, Kernel, I'm not denyin' that, but I want to enlist anyhow. Surely an old man has a right to fight foah his kentry as well as a young man, hasn't he? It's like this, Kernel, I jest got to fight, that's all—I jest got to fight—I couldn't ever feel right if I didn't."

"It's jest this way, I'm a Southerner by birth and by trainin'—I'm southern clean through, an' cain't he'p it, an' what's more, I don't want to he'p it. You jest take a seat there an' I'll tell you all jest why I want to 'nlist."

"You see, a way back in sixty-five I was jest a boy, but I toted my ol' squirrel rifle behind Ginerel Lee, the greatest ginerel this earth has ever seed. in manv a skirmish. I loved ol'

Lee, Kernel, an' I loved the South, its plantations, its rivers, an' its trees; an' I loved Jeff Davis an' the Stars an' Bars.

"Wal, it purty nigh broke my heart that day in sixty-five when Ginerall Lee gave up. I kin see us yit—a long line o' hungry gray soljahs, every one a wishin' that the earth would swaller him before he'd see the Ginerall bow before Ol' Grant. We loved Ginerall Lee, Kernel, every last man of us, an' we all knew that with him to lead we'd a knocked Ol' Grant plum into the sea, if we'd a had a half chance, but that's neither here nor there—we didn't have a chance."

"On that day when we saw Lee's ol' gray face so sad it clean broke us all up, I had sich a lump in my throat I couldn't say a word or see him when he said good-bye. As I said I was a youngster then, Kernel, but I swore that the Stars and Stripes would never be saluted by me, nor honored, an' that I would teach my children an' my children's children to hate and despise it.

"As soon as the surrender was completed I lit out for Tennessee, my old home state, where I hoped to find the old home jest as I had left it two years befo'e. A month I traveled, mostly on foot, totin' the ol' rifle, the only thing in the world I possessed, livin' like a tramp but always pushin' westward.

"At last, one evenin', jest at sun-down, I crossed the last ridge and with a glad heart and light feet pushed down the old trail over which I had driven the cows many a time. At the old spring I took a drink and washed as best I could and then hastened on. As a break in the woods revealed the old home site, I stopped. Where the barn had been a few charred and broken beams stuck up against their background of trees. With a fear that I had never known in the firing line tuggin' at my heart I stepped out into the road that ran past the house, but no house was there. Charred boards, a crumbled and blackened fireplace, and a few twisted and broken irons marked the spot of which I had been dreamin' for two long years.

"I leaned up against a tree an' I cursed the Yankees long an' fervently. Kernel, you can't understan' jest how I felt, I reckon. I felt like I'd like to have my hands around the throat of every Yankee in America. Later I found two graves which told their own story. That night I left Tennessee, my face once more to'ads the west where the traces of war would not be so easily seen, more of a rebel than I had ever been.

"I settled on a farm in Idaho an' there I stuck, still hatin' the flag and a hopin' that some day I'd have a chance to pay. Kernel, it's awful when a man has a hate like that in his heart!

"Then I married. I got an angel of a wife, and somehow I couldn't hate as I had done, but my mind was sot, and I lost no chance to malign the flag. Then children came but they didn't

stay; an' somehow each new-made grave brought back the hate as if the Yankees and the flag had robbed me once more. An' then, Kernel, Jeff he come an' stayed, but it seemed that again I was to lose, for his mother seemed to pine away, an' when he was hardly two years old we buried her beside her other four.

"Do you think a lad two years old can know grief, Kernel? It seemed that that little feller knew of our loss. As I stood holdin' him by the open grave, he looked down at her an' then he put his little arms around my neck and sobbed as if his heart would break. Right there that hate came back as strong as when I stood by all that was left of the old home, for now my boy was bein' hurt. As I pressed him to me, I swore we would both be rebels to the very last, hatin' and scornin' the Yankee flag.

"Wal, you never in your life saw a feller grow like that chap did. An' smart—he beat the world for bein' smart, an' he got so he could ask more plagued questions than o' Noah Webster could have answered in his life time. As soon as he got big enough to go with me we lived alone, and I began my lessons of hate, but somehow, Kernel, they jest wouldn't stay with that feller. He was jest so chock full of sunshine an' love that he couldn't even hate a dog that bit him, an' plead so hard for his life that I couldn't pull the trigger after I got the gun aimed.

"I tell you it was a hard pill to take when I had to let him go to school. We had never been separated since his mother died. We slept together, we ate together, an' we played together. The first day he was gone I jest couldn't do nothin' but walk up an' down the path watchin' for him to come.

"At last I seed him comin', an' out I went an' grabbed him in my arms an' kissed him, an' then sot him on my shoulders an' toted him to the house. As I sot him down he grabbed me roun' the neck an' squeezed me tight, an' then he said, rather gentle like, he didn't want to hurt my feelin's:

"Say, Pap, the teacher says you're wrong about the flag and our country—an' teacher knows."

"Wal, sir, I was plum flabbergasted. 'What did teacher say?' I managed to ask.

"She says this is the grandest country on earth, an' that the Star Spangled Banner is the most beautiful flag in the whole world."

"Did she say that?' I couldn't git any further.

"Wal, after that I was a little more careful about what I said, because I didn't want to contradict the teacher right out flat for fear he'd lose confidence in her. He learnt all the national songs an' could sing 'em, too, that very winter. He went right up through the public schools without a hitch an' graduated with the highest honors, an' when in his speech on com-

mencement day, standin' up thare so fine an' strong with his mother's eyes a lookin' square at me, he said he loved Old Glory an' pointed to it wavin' from the wall, somehow my old eyes got so misty I could see in it the Stars an' Bars made bigger an' brighter.

"Wal, then he tackled high school an' went through it with his head up and a prancin', lookin' more like his mother every day, an' gittin' dearer all the time. It seemed jest like I got young again, and he was my pal, my wife, an' my son, all at the same time. He took the hardest of the work on the farm with a smile on his lips and a sparkle in his eye. He used to treat me jest like I was his sweetheart. He never let me make the fire, or chop the wood, or milk the cow, after a hard day's work, no sir-ee. He said I had done my share. Say, Kernel, did you ever have a son? Didn't? You've missed a heap, Kernel!

"Then this war broke out. He was determined to go right from the start. He said I had fought for what I thought was right, an' now he was goin' to fight for what he thought was right. I argued with him, an' plead with him, an' told him that the Yankees had killed his grandfather and grandmother an' had robbed us of our home, but it wa'nt any use. 'We have a home, haven't we?' he argued. 'Besides, Pap, our great great grandparents gave their lives for this country an' this flag! You fought against both the country an' the flag because you thought you were right. I'm not blaming you, Pap, but I feel that I owe the flag a debt which I am able to pay at last.'

"The hate had long ago left my heart an' so I couldn't stan' out.

"We fixed him up a kit an' prepared for his goin'. Kernel I cain't tell you how it hurt, an' as I saw him standin' in the lamplight jest before we went to bed our last time together, he was the handsomest man in all the world. It seemed that he looked jest like ol' General Lee, only younger, an' as I blowed out the light an' he got in bed beside me for the last time, Kernel, this flag an' this country seemed very dear to me because he loved it—it was *his* flag, *his* country!

"The next mornin' when he said good-bye—I couldn't say—a word—jest stood an' blubbered like a calf. He held up as best he could but his lips quivered an' tears run down his cheeks in spite of him as he wrung my hand—then he kissed me.

"'Good-bye—Pap,' he says kind o' broken. 'You've been awful good to me—you've been mother an' father an' sister an' brother to me. I wish you were young so you could go, too—I'd like to fight beside a man like you—here's a flag, Pap. It ain't *my* flag—it's *our* flag! Keep it with all—my—love! I'll pay our debt, Pap—the debt we owe our country, an' then I'll help on the debt our country owes France! Goodbye, Pap, take good care of yer self!'

"Then he turned an' was gone, an' I was left with this here little silk flag, wet with tears, crumpled up in these ol' hands o' mine!

"You hain't got a son, you say? Kernel, *you* don't know what this war means. It means that somewhere in France a feller dearer than you can know, I reckon, may suffer wounds an' death. It's all right, Kernel, I ain't a findin' fault, but it's hard. I have suffered before, an' now I can suffer for this flag—it's *his*—it's *mine*!

"Wal, sir, after he went, I tried to stay on the farm, but somehow I couldn't! Great heaven, what an emptiness was there, but you ain't had a son! I tried to work, but wherever I turned I saw the tools he worked with—his team, his harness, his plow had to be taken from the furrow before I could pass. In the house every piece of furniture, every dish, every picture on the wall spoke of him. The toys I gave him when a boy were on the shelf—his overalls hung behind the door. I tried to stay, Kernel, but I couldn't—I jest couldn't!

"He's been gone three whole weeks—three eternities it seems—I cain't stan' another three like them. I'm here to enlist in his regiment. I owe this country a great debt. I've been a rebel—I've fought against the flag, an' now I want to pay as I never thought I would want to pay. I want to fight with him—for him. I want to *die* with him!

"Don't ask my age, Kernel; I'm over twenty-one—I'm strong an' robust yit. Look at that arm! It can carry a musket with the best of them. I'm a crack shot, Kernel, come on, what do you say?"

The old man drew himself up to his full height and stood there a fine type of well preserved manhood, his keen, clear eyes belying the snow-white brows. The Colonel was plainly touched.

"What company do you prefer?" he asked.

"Company — — Idaho Infantry," the old Southerner responded promptly.

"Captain, get this man's record and show him the way to the barracks, at once." The Colonel arose. "I am delighted to have met you, sir," he said, as he held out his hand.

"God bless you, Kernel!" the old man answered fervently, as he took the outstretched hand. "Me an' Jeff together can whoop the whole German army. Try us!"

"Give my love to Jeff," the Colonel called, as the Captain led the new recruit away. "Rather old, but good timber," he mused. "I wonder what this war *does mean*!"

Thus it came about that a new name appeared on the roster of Company — —, and in the column where the age should have been were the words, "Over twenty-one."

Preston, Idaho

The Meaning of Education

By E. G. Peterson, A. M., Ph. D., President Utah Agricultural College

VIII—Education and War

Education has assumed a new meaning since the beginning of the world war. War in by-gone days was a certain governmental activity in which a group of men, called the army or navy, fought another similar group of the enemy. The remainder of the people were in the nature of onlookers whose support was largely emotional or inspirational and financial. War now is an occupation of practically all the people. The complexity of the present conflict, involving as it does manufacturing of munitions and other supplies on a scale undreamed of previously, and involving the issue of supremacy in the air, on land, on the sea and under the sea, and involving also in a very critical way the question of agricultural production and transportation, the complexity of this conflict has drawn upon the whole citizenship of the nations at war and especially upon the learning of the nations.

There must be, if we are to win the war, a plentiful supply of skilled agriculturists, engineers, chemists, physicists, doctors, mechanics, builders, transportation experts, experts on sanitation and economists who can guide the financial issues. I would say with great emphasis that high morality, devotion and sacrifice, will be necessary to win, even granting excellence of all our other equipment of men and money and talent. Indeed this war may be decided by the mothers—by the degree of true motherhood and the degree of sanctity and reverence which surrounds the vital and beautiful attributes of family life. But this is a subject by itself which will be treated separately. Now we are particularly concerned with the question of the educational necessities of the conflict.

We must recognize the fact that Germany, our enemy, is a nation highly developed in the sciences and the arts. Her educational system surpassed that of any other nation in the world in the estimation of many. Her scholars were scholars of the first water. It has often been strikingly said that the German in his research and his educational endeavor went down deeper and came up muddier than the scholar of any other nation. Be that as it may, German education was thorough. Science was

honored, scholarship was honored, and learning was honored, with the result that German manufacturing, German agriculture, German finance and civic control were eminent. The nation was excellent by power of mind. There are those who believe that with this power of mind there was a lack of vision, of spirituality, which brutalized in a way the whole thought of the nation. Be that also as it may, German thought was powerful and the defensive strength of the central powers is in large measure attributable to the downright learning of the Germans.

This is the world issue—not only the question of military superiority, but, in the competition which will follow the war, of educational and mental superiority. We must be worthy if we are to achieve in the gruelling processes which from now on will draw all of us to the test. Science has brought us all together—land transportation, aerial navigation, wireless, the gasoline engine—these have united the world so that no longer may we as in the past be shielded from the competition of a more worthy workman, no longer can we be denied the full reward for our virtues. We can speak and sell to the whole world, therefore our thought and our commercial product must be superior.

Great Utah which has the germ of peaceful world dominion in its being, has now an opportunity to excel. Let us know science and the arts as no other people on God's earth have known them. Let us lead our clean-souled young to the very summit of achievement in human thought. And while we do this let us not sacrifice one whit of the supremacy of spirit, the religious exaltation, which already is a source of inquiry by all the peoples of the earth.

Logan, Utah

Secretary Daniels and the Soldiers

The Purity Congress, met at Louisville, Kentucky, Nov. 8, for the tenth season. Among the number of messages read at the session that evening, was one from Secretary of the Navy, Daniels, as follows.

“Today, as never before, American manhood must be clean. We must have fitness. America stands in need of every ounce of strength. We must cut the twin cancers of drink and prostitution, if we would quickly win this war. May America fear moral disease more than German bullets! Those who do the most for clean living and clean thinking, do the most for victory that will make a better world.”

Home Evening*

By Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, of the Presidency of the Granite Stake of Zion

I have been asked, my brethren and sisters, to speak a few words about Home Evening, a topic that has been discussed in this Tabernacle a number of times in the past. It does seem strange that we are so forgetful, that we are so careless and indifferent and that it is so necessary to remind us continually of what is for our good. This, perhaps, is not because we do not believe; not because we are not in sympathy with what we are advised, instructed and urged to do, but because of conditions by which we are surrounded.

Under the best of circumstances life, with the average man and woman, is strenuous; there is a struggle; duties and obligations are numerous; we have much to do; and because of these conditions, we sometimes are unable to do what we perhaps would like to do, because we are weary or because there are other things that more or less interfere.

I do not know how many of you Latter-day Saints remember, as I very vividly remember, when President Taylor presented this topic to us in the Tabernacle a number of years ago. I never shall forget the spirit that impressed him and the promises he made to us at the time if we would accept the advice that he gave. I believe—I know—that he spoke under the inspiration of his calling and of the Almighty; that he spoke words of truth, and that the promises he made were the promises of our Father unto us. He was the mouthpiece, giving us the word of the Lord. Do you remember that he promised us that if we would observe Home Evening faithfully and diligently, that no member of our family would ever be lost; that there would be in the homes of the people of this stake of Zion, a peace and love, a purity and joy, that would make our home life ideal; that the fathers and mothers would have such influence for good with their children that they would have the indescribable joy of seeing them faithful and true and grow up pure and remain pure, and their feet would be preserved from the snares and pitfalls of the evil one?

Notwithstanding these promises and notwithstanding the fact that we have urged the observance of Home Evening in the

*Remarks by Dr. Joseph F. Merrill at the quarterly conference of the Granite stake, Sunday, Aug. 26, 1917.

wards of this stake, there is no question but that at the present time there are but few people who observe it. And yet, I know, my brethren and sisters, that those who have truly observed it can testify that there has come to their homes the blessings promised by President Taylor. But strange to say—even those in charge of ward affairs sometimes forget. And so we have public meetings of various kinds arranged on Home Evening, when it was the advice that every Latter-day Saint family spend that evening at home, and that public meetings and affairs be placed at other times.

It makes no difference what we might think or do, there is a responsibility of parenthood that we cannot escape (See Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 68:25-28). It cannot be placed on other shoulders. And if we are sincere and true, if we believe the gospel of Jesus Christ, we must know that there is no responsibility that is greater than the obligation we have assumed in our families. The father must be true, faithful and loyal, devoted and sincere and full of fidelity to his family,—to his wife and children, true to those dependents pulling upon his heartstrings. His whole life must be sincerely devoted to them. He must not be unkind; he must not be impatient and overbearing; but he must manifest the spirit of patience and gentleness and love. He must treat his wife as his companion and friend and helpmate,—he must treat his children as the nearest and dearest objects to him in life. And the mother also must remember the obligations that she has to her husband and children; and the children must remember the obligations that they have to their parents. And so, my brethren and sisters, if we will fully make our home life as the gospel teaches us to do, it seems to me we can find one evening a week when the family will assemble around the hearthstone and make this the most pleasant and profitable time of the whole week. And if fathers in the spirit of fatherhood, and mothers in the spirit of motherhood, and children in the spirit of obedience, will only accept this advice and observe this evening there will come to the home an influence and joy that otherwise will not be there.

Of course, some families are large and the children range from infants to adults, having various kinds of responsibility; hence it is difficult to find a time when all can be together. But, I remember one of the old sayings, and I believe it to be true, that where there is a will there is a way. Can it be that during the whole week there is no single hour when we could cultivate the love of our family and teach them, understand them, enter into sympathy with them? That parent that is not one with his children is not enjoying his family as he might, and he does not have the influence that he might. It is possible for fathers and mothers to be close to their children. It is possible for them to

be the confidants of their children, having the children come to them with their joys, their sorrows and their troubles.

But, there are, unfortunately, a good many homes in which there is a lack of this kind of confidence. We have heard recently, for instance, of some of the best families of this stake in which there are young men and boys that have developed, and are developing, the tobacco habit. There are fathers and mothers devoted to the Church, who yet lose control of their children. I do not like to see any young man grow up in this Church and develop the tobacco habit. Tobacco is a thing not naturally attractive to a boy. He does not like it, at first. He must cultivate the habit. If we are close enough to our children, we will discover the first time that tobacco touches their lips. The mother will do this when she kisses her boy good night. Is there a mother who allows her boy or her girl, either, to leave the house without giving him or her a kiss and receiving a kiss when they return at night? If a mother has that habit, no cigarette or tobacco in any form, can ever touch the lips of her boy without she discovers it. The odor will remain. There are young boys in their teens, every day by the scores, on the streets that are using tobacco, boys of "Mormon" families, of our best families. It must be a source of sorrow to the parents. And yet, whose fault is it? Judge Nielsen of the Juvenile Court told us at the last Priesthood meeting that it is his belief that parents are responsible for the delinquency of their children,—and I believe it. For it does seem to me that if we will only feel the responsibility that we have and labor under the inspiration that we might have in our families, it would be possible for us to control our children, particularly in this respect. But we are not doing it. One of the reasons why we are not doing it is because we have failed to accept the advice given and observe Home Evening. And so, my brethren and sisters, we are calling anew the attention of families in this stake of Zion to this advice and urge them to remember and observe it.

We feel there was never a time in this stake of Zion when parents need to have more love, more care, more devotion than at the present time. The large number of young army boys among us are a danger to the young girls of this community; yet some parents resent the suggestion that their girls need to be watched. There is no individual that is free from temptation. There is no individual so strong that he may not fall. There is no child, boy or girl, that is safe from temptation. And so, however great the confidence we may have in our youths, we must not allow them to be subjected, unguarded, to great temptation. It does seem that a man in uniform is particularly attractive to the girls. We have young girls, who seem to forget modesty and to lose control of themselves completely in the

presence of soldiers. They seem to think that to be with a boy in uniform is the height of the joy of life. And the result will be shame and sorrow in many, many homes in this community. And who are these girls? The judge of the Juvenile Court said many of them are "Mormon" girls, some of them live in this stake.

Who are to blame? The boys and the girls? To some extent; but the parents cannot escape responsibility. It is, therefore, very important that you be with your girls and boys in their pleasures. What do they do? Go out alone, the girls without chaperones, in twos, threes, or fours to the resorts and to dances and meet young men whom they do not know and some of whom cannot be trusted. Make confidants of your children. If you do the right thing you will go out with them and be with them in their amusements. You should not deny them proper and legitimate amusement and you should find a joy and a pleasure in being with them. It is true that some young people resent chaperones. That is because the parents have not taken the right course with their children. They have not cultivated the companionship of the children.

Now, my brethren and sisters, you may not feel that these matters are very important. But we believe them to be most important. We believe we must be awake, as we have never been awake, to stamp out evil and the tendencies toward evil and we should all work in every way possible as we have never worked before. The evil one is working in various ways. As his time grows shorter and shorter, his efforts are being more and more increased; and so, unless we are active and on the alert, we shall find that we are being trapped in ways we do not know and do not suspect. Therefore, we feel that it is necessary that we shall pray and that we shall work and that we shall accept the advice given us.

My brethren and sisters, in every home in this stake of Zion we should like to have Monday evening observed as Home Evening. There would be no objection to branches of the family—married sons and daughters—meeting with the rest of the family. Will we not develop this practice among us until it grows into a habit? Some have not felt a particular need for this. Some have felt that their children are grown and only the parents remain. But whether the family be large or small, composed of old or young, or of both, it is possible to have a program of songs, stories, games, readings, experiences, instructions, prayers, etc., that shall be entertaining and profitable to all. Even though there are, for one reason or another, no children, the Home Evening may still be profitable. Is there any husband so indifferent and forgetful that he has ceased to court his wife? There was a time when an evening with her alone

was counted as the most beautiful evening of the week. That husband is certainly an object of pity who has ceased to court his wife. He has let the sweetness of life go out of his home. In fact, his home has ceased to be a home. It is only a place to live. Where love is not, there can be no home. Hence, so far as I can see, there is no reason why we should not spend this evening with our family in pleasure and profit and joy. If we will do it there will come into our homes love and unity and the spirit of peace and satisfaction that cannot, and will not, otherwise be there so abundantly.

Now, my brethren and sisters, this is enough. We would like the teachers, in their visits, to take this up and remind and urge all the Saints to observe Home Evening every Monday night. We would like the authorities of the various stake and ward organizations to remember this night also and observe it sacredly and avoid doing anything that will take the people away from home on that evening.

Brethren and sisters, I feel certain, as positive and certain as I am standing here, that if we will observe this advice, we will have the blessings promised us by President Taylor of this stake when the matter was first presented. We shall win our children. They will be obedient and faithful and have power to overcome temptations.

I pray that the Lord will help you,—that the Spirit of the Lord will be with you, that you will seek the Lord and depend upon him, and that you will be able to accept what is taught; because if you do, you will find that the instructions given under the Spirit are true, and rich blessings will follow their observance. The Lord help us to be faithful and true and assume the responsibilities of rearing our children in purity and devotion to the work of the Lord, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

First at Last

“A detective asked an office boy,” says the *Ladies’ Home Journal*, “if it was Mr. Jones or his partner who reached the office first as a rule. ‘Well,’ said the boy, turning very red, ‘Mr. Jones at first was always last, but later he began to get earlier, till at last he was first, though before he had always been behind. He soon got later again, though of late he has been sooner, and at last he got behind as before. But I expect he’ll be getting earlier sooner or later.’”

That reminds the *Improvement Era* of Dr. Karl G. Maeser’s commendation to a persistently tardy student who had repented: “I perceive you are early of late; you used to be behind before, but now I see you are first at last.”

Temple Ceremonies*

By Elder Duncan M. McAllister, Temple Recorder

I have the pleasure of acting as your guide through the buildings and grounds of this block, but we are not permitted to enter the Great Temple we are now gazing upon. That privilege, however, was accorded to over six hundred non-“Mormon” ladies and gentlemen, prominent citizens, on April 6, 1893, when the interior of the temple was finished and furnished. They inspected every room and every part of the temple, from basement to roof, and consequently obtained a comprehensive knowledge of the structure.

I have given you a brief description of the building, and explained that it is not a cathedral, church, or public place of worship; it is a *Temple*, or House of the Lord, and, like the celebrated Temple of Solomon, is especially designed for certain sacred ceremonies in which only the officiating priesthood and worthy people are permitted to participate. Because of this exclusiveness, enemies of the Latter-day Saints, with some degree of success, have sought to create a wrongful impression concerning the character of the ordinances performed within its precincts. I am pleased to have this opportunity to tell you the facts concerning what those ordinances are, so that you may understand why none but the faithful Latter-day Saints can properly take part therein.

From what I have already told you concerning the character of this heretofore much maligned people, and the evidences showing their sincere acceptance of the principles of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, as they understand that gospel, their strict morality, unselfish labors in behalf of their fellowmen, and manifest loyalty to the Government, you will readily concede that such people would strenuously resent any effort made to cause them to participate in any unrighteous or unlawful proceedings. The scores of thousands of them, who have taken part in temple ceremonies, are living witnesses who declare, with due solemnity, that everything said and done in those services is of the most sublime character, pure, holy, sacred, such only as should prevail in a place dedicated to the Most High.

It is claimed by the Latter-day Saints that the reason they

*An address to tourists, on the Temple Block, Salt Lake City, Utah, reported especially for the *Improvement Era*.

have devoted such an immense amount of means and labor in erecting temples, and that they employ, without remuneration, a great portion of their time in ordinance work therein, is the same reason that impelled the children of Israel, the Lord's chosen people in ancient times, to engage in a similar undertaking; it is in obedience to the revealed will of God.

You ladies and gentlemen are, doubtless, familiar with the statements in the Bible concerning the Divine Presence being manifest in the temples he caused to be built, whenever the people found favor in his sight because of their obedience to his commandments, and how that Presence was withdrawn when they relapsed into wickedness. You may have read also the prophecy of Malachi, that, in the last days, "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple." To be his temple, it must be one built and dedicated to him, that he has approved and accepted; that is what the Latter-day Saints claim respecting the temples they have builded.

The first of the ceremonnies performed in the temple, that I will endeavor to explain to you is denominated ,

Baptism for the Dead

The mention of this ordinance usually excites surprise in the minds of strangers, for the reason that it is unknown among other denominations; it is necessary, therefore, that a statement be made concerning it.

The belief generally prevails, in Christendom, that the condition of human souls is eternally and irrevocably fixed, by Divine decree, immediately after death, each individual being assigned to never-ending happiness in heaven, or to a limitless duration of torture in hell, according as they have acknowledged or repudiated belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Latter-day Saints declare that this doctrine is erroneous, and that the gospel proclaimed by the Son of God vindicates the justice and mercy of the Father, in providing means of redemption for those who have died without knowledge of, or opportunity to obey the gospel in this life.

That baptism is essential to salvation is proved by the words of Jesus, as recorded in John 3:5:

"Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

This startlingly important statement was strongly emphasized by him in the fact that he had submitted to having that ordinance performed in his own behalf, by John the Baptist. No doubt he conformed also to other ordinances, which his Divine Father acknowledged by conferring blessings and authority

upon him. Paul states that the Messiah was "an High Priest after the order of Melchizedek," and the inference is that a ceremony imparting that office was duly performed by some authorized agent, although not specifically mentioned in the New Testament.

That immersion is the proper mode of baptism is clearly shown by Paul, especially in his epistle to the Romans, 6:3, 4, 5.

"Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

That those who did not receive the gospel in life are given an opportunity to accept it after death is demonstrated by the following quotations (I Peter 3:18-20):

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit: by which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometime were disobedient, when once the longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water."

Also I Peter 4:6:

"For this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit."

That the thief, who repented on the cross, had this opportunity given to him, after death, is plainly indicated in the words of the Savior to him:

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise."

The spirit world, called Paradise, where the Messiah and the thief went on the day they were crucified, is not Heaven; see John 20:17:

"Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."

This was said by Jesus on the third day after his crucifixion.

The ordinance of baptism for the dead was understood, and performed, by the early Christians, as evidenced by the words of Paul to the Corinthian Saints (I Cor. 15:29):

"Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?"

The restoration of the gospel which is God's plan for the redemption of *all* his children, would not be complete without this ordinance of baptism for the dead, which extends its saving power to all who have died without obeying that law in life. Every principle and ceremony associated with the gospel plan of redemption, that has to be believed and obeyed by the living, to insure salvation, must also be accepted by the dead. The dead, however, cannot be baptized in the earthly element of water, as required, consequently that ordinance is performed for them vicariously. Other essential ordinances have to be performed in like manner, and temples are the God-appointed places for such sacred work.

The Scriptures abound with evidences that sacred, vicarious work, approved by those in whose interest it is performed, is acceptable to the eternal Father. The greatest of all such was the offering made by the sinless One, his beloved Son, as propitiation for Adam's transgression, and that salvation might come to all who obey his gospel.

John the Revelator, in the Apocalypse, refers to 144 thousand who are to appear on Mount Zion with the Redeemer, when he comes to reign on this earth. There could be no more effective way of entitling them to the distinction of association with the Savior than in serving as proxies for the dead, in the saving ordinances that are performed in God's holy temple. The Prophet Obadiah said, "Saviors shall come upon Mount Zion."

The second of the ceremonies to be explained is the ordinance designated

The Endowment

A concise and clear statement concerning this ceremony is contained in Elder James E. Talmage's splendid and exhaustive treatise on *The House of the Lord*, which I will take the liberty of quoting:

"The Temple Endowment, as administered in modern temples, comprises instruction relating to the significance and sequence of past dispensations, and the importance of the present as the greatest and grandest era in human history. This course of instruction includes a recital of the most important events of the creative period, the condition of our first parents in the Garden of Eden, their disobedience and consequent expulsion from that blissful abode, their condition in the lone and dreary world when doomed to labor and sweat, the plan of redemption by which the great transgression may be atoned, the period of the great apostasy, the restoration of the Gospel with all its ancient powers and privileges, the absolute

and indispensable condition of personal purity and devotion to the right in present life, and a strict compliance with Gospel requirements. * * * * The ordinances of the endowment embody certain obligations on the part of the individual, such as covenant and promise to observe the law of strict virtue and chastity, to be charitable, benevolent, tolerant and pure; to devote both talent and material means to the spread of truth and the uplifting of the race; to maintain devotion to the cause of truth, and to seek in every way to contribute to the great preparation that the earth may be made ready to receive her King,—the Lord Jesus Christ.

“No jot, iota, or tittle of the temple rites is otherwise than uplifting and sanctifying. In every detail the endowment ceremony contributes to covenants of morality of life, consecration of person to high ideals, devotion to truth, patriotism to nation, and allegiance to God. The blessings of the House of the Lord are restricted to no privileged class; every member of the Church may have admission to the temple with the right to participate in the ordinances thereof, if he comes duly accredited as of worthy life and conduct.”

The marriage ceremony, as performed in the temple, is the next ordinance to be considered.

Marriage for Eternity

The form of marriage ceremony generally performed by Christian ministers, and by authorized officials according to civil law, incorporates the statement that the relationship of husband and wife is to continue until death parts them.

The Latter-day Saints are made to rejoice in the ceremony of marriage performed in the temples, by which, under the authority of the Priesthood, the man and woman are married for time *and for all eternity*. The same ordinance is performed in behalf of men and women who are dead.

No marriages of living persons are, or can be, performed without licenses duly issued therefor by county clerks of the state.

In conclusion, I will briefly explain the ceremony designated

Sealing of Children

The Latter-day Saints do not entertain the shadow of a doubt concerning the validity and eternal character of the ordinances performed in the temple in their behalf, or in behalf of the dead. They have the most convincing assurance, equivalent to knowledge, that those ceremonies are divinely approved. Their joy is unbounded in this confident reliance upon a never-ending association, in the resurrected state, with those to whom God has united them in this life, and this includes the children born unto them after that union. The family organization is to be forever perpetuated, with happiness increased beyond finite comprehension.

Children born in wedlock under the sectarian or civil form of marriage ceremony, which declares that the relationship is to exist only until death, must remain under that law, they and their parents eternally separated after they pass from this life, unless they comply with the ordinance divinely established to perpetuate the family organization. This ordinance also is one of the glorious provisions connected with temple work. By divine authority the husband and wife are married for time and all eternity and, by the same power, their children are sealed to be theirs forever, worlds without end.

It has been possible, in the short time I have had the opportunity of speaking to you, to give only a very meagre outline of the subjects referred to, therefore you are invited to call at the Bureau of Information and obtain some of the literature that can be procured there, gratuitously, concerning Utah, and the history and religion of the "Mormons." You can procure there also a small booklet, nicely illustrated, describing this great temple, and stating the purposes for which it has been built. And you may purchase Dr. Talmage's large volume, entitled *The House of the Lord*, which contains much information concerning ancient and modern temples, and has fifty fine views of the interior and exterior of this temple, with descriptive matter, and explanations of the doctrines associated with temple ceremonies.

I thank you for your courteous attention.

To the Soldiers of the National Army

You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest solicitude not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole Nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom.

Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything, and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it, and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America. My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you!

The White House, Washington

Woodrow Wilson.

Mother-Heart

By D. W. Cummings

The nurse with the dark hair and Irish eyes saw her first, and flashed a smile of welcome. The thin mite of a girl, her timidity thawed in the warmth of it, came confidently forward.

She paused a few feet away. There, with one grimy fingertip in her teeth, she appraised us gravely, out of big, brown eyes that looked all the bigger in the white, peaked face. It was a shrewd little face, wise with the wisdom of the streets, where, by the soiled and ragged appearance of her, she must have spent a good part of her eight or nine years.

"I've come about my brother's hand," she announced at last, with a quaint dignity. She addressed herself directly to Miss O'Malley, whose smile had ushered her in.

I saw a flash of mischief in the Irish eyes, but never a hint of it in the winning smile with which the nurse responded:

"Good for you! But—who is your brother?"

"Mooney Mayhue."

"And—where is your brother?"

"In the hall. I'll fetch him!"

She flashed out of the hospital reception room and back again, dragging a moon-faced urchin, as grimy and ragged and underfed as herself. She planted herself in front of Miss O'Malley and carefully explained the case:

"You see, he got a splinter in it last night and I yanked it out. That was easy. But I got to thinkin' afterwards, what if it might be blood-poison. I asked dad. He said he didn't know but it might. Then I says I thought I better come here, and he says I better, too. So I've come."

How she knew of the emergency hospital no one ever stopped to guess. The knowledge of it undoubtedly had trickled through to her out of the maze of neighborhood gossip. But know of it she certainly did, and of her citizen's right to demand treatment.

Miss O'Malley looked at me with dancing eyes. I looked back and winked. None of us was busy, and this looked like a rare bit of fun. My wink was a cue for her to go through with it.

"It's a good thing you did," said Miss O'Malley to little Miss Mayhue, with her most professional air. "Please step this way."

Chin in the air, lips tightly closed, the young American

citizeness prepared to follow. But she straightway struck a snag. Little brother was of a different mind.

"Come on!" she commanded.

"I wo-unt," he drawled, immovable.

She turned on him severely:

"Mooney Mayhue, do you want to have your hand and maybe your hull arm cut clean off?"

"No-up!" he gulped.

"Then come right now with this lady. Come on!"

He stood like granite.

"Aw, come on, Mooney!" she coaxed and tugged. "It won't hurt much, will it, nurse-lady?"

"Naw!" replied Miss O'Malley, shrewdly meeting the youngster on his own level. "It won't hurt a *man*!"

He eyed her suspiciously and she met his look with frank encouragement. Slowly the suspicion faded from his eyes and he followed her trustfully.

The other nurses were but indifferently interested and remained in the reception room. As assistant city physician, however, I felt that my duty called, and so I brought up the rear.

Down the hall to the operating room they went, Miss O'Malley chattering brightly and the children answering in monosyllables that grew less and less timid as they proceeded. Upon reaching the operating room, the strong odor of ether from a recent case struck them full in the face. The youngsters gulped, but kept pluckily on. Miss O'Malley led the way straight to the wash-bowl.

"The first thing," she explained, "is to wash the wound thoroughly. Dirt, you know, is the very best friend old Mr. Blood-poison has."

"Zat so?" exclaimed the girl with rounded eyes. "None of us knowed that or—I'd a-washed him. He'd ought-a be washed anyway, I guess," she added, surveying her brother dubiously.

"Well, I rather think so, too," agreed Miss O'Malley judiciously.

By this time she had scoured all the dirt from the boy's hand and was ready for the examination. Seated on a stool, with the boy's back to her chest, his cheek against hers, she carefully searched. There it was, at the base of the thumb, a tiny red spot with a streak of black down the center. Sister hadn't "yanked" quite all the sliver.

Mooney's fear had evidently departed, for he watched the nurse reach for a pair of tweezers without batting an eye.

But the movement had a strangely terrifying effect on the girl. She stepped nervously forward, her hands twitching at her dress, her eyes fixed imploringly on the nurse's face.

A dab of alcohol reached the quick and made the boy wince slightly. His sister saw it and turned pale. She took his hand and softly stroked it, trying hard to stifle her fears and nerve him up. Mooney stolidly ignored her.

Deftly Miss O'Malley laid open the skin to get a grip on the sliver. She must have stung a little, for the boy sucked in his breath audibly.

Sister evidently feared he was on the verge of a swoon. With an anguished expression, she dived into her pocket, drew out a dingy little rag of a handkerchief and began tenderly to wipe her brother's forehead.

This indignity was too much. He turned to her disgustedly: "Ah, g'wan! It ain't hurtin'!"

Slightly reassured by the rebuff, she stepped back a little, but hung nervously about. She could not restrain a gasp when the nurse, with a quick little twist, pulled the sliver from the flesh, although Mooney made no sound. Then fear gave way to affectionate admiration:

"Isn't he brave!" she exclaimed, turning to me.

"I should say he is!" I agreed heartily. I was far more interested in her than in the patient.

"Now, Doctor," said Miss O'Malley, "I wish you'd look at it and see that there is nothing left in the wound."

Very gravely I stepped forward, and closely examined the injury, while Mooney's sister stood palpitating by. She sighed with relief when I pronounced it a perfectly successful operation. Then, with tense interest, she watched the nurse elaborately bandage Mooney's hand.

The dressing complete, Miss O'Malley took up her record book.

"What is your name?" she asked the girl.

"Lorry Mayhue. Right name's Lorelei, out'n a pome, but everybody calls me Lorry."

"Have you a father and mother?"

She hesitated.

"Pa drinks and ma—ma, pa says,—run off with another man!"

Ludicrous—tragic. We started to smile—then sobered quickly.

The answer made Miss O'Malley forget the record. She stooped down and drew the little girl to her:

"Who takes care of you?"

"I do most of the work, 'cept cookin'. I can't cook 'cause I ain't tall enough to get over the stove. So pa cooks, when we got anything."

Lorry lifted her hand and began running it along the smooth

edge of the operating table. The movement brought into clear view a cut at least half an inch in length, blazing angrily on her wrist.

"Let me look at your hand, Lorry," I said sharply.

She drew it behind her.

"It ain't nothin'."

"But let me see it!"

She stretched it toward me, a scornful little pucker on her lips.

"Do you know what blood-poisoning looks like?" I asked her.

"Nope," she answered calmly. "I heard it hurts awful, though."

"Well, it begins just like your hand is—now."

That startled her.

"Oh, don't worry. We'll fix it. You can always fix it when you catch it in time. How did you do this?" I asked as I dipped her hand into the washbowl.

"Scratched me with a pin."

I dried her hand, put on an antiseptic dressing and bandaged it up, all without hearing a sound from her. Then I took both her thin little hands in mine, looked her full in the face and said:

"My dear, tell me, why were you afraid of blood-poisoning in your brother's hand, and weren't afraid of it in your own?"

Her face creased up in puzzled wrinkles.

"I—don't know!" she answered slowly.

"Little mother-heart!"

Miss O'Malley's voice caught in a sob. Impulsively she stooped and gathered the child in a tight embrace.

"Dear little mother-heart!" she murmured again.

Quite pleased, but utterly bewildered, Lorry bashfully disengaged herself. With a shy glance at Miss O'Malley and me, she murmured a pretty thanks.

I replied by telling her to be sure and come the next day for another dressing. She said she would. Then, taking Mooney's unbandaged hand, she led him out of the operating room and down the long hall.

Silently, we watched them go. After a few steps, Lorry freed her hand and slipped it about Mooney's shoulders. He, indifferent to the caress, but absorbed in contemplation of his bandaged hand, began in his excited baby drawl to tell about it.

And Lorry, her own uninjured hand swinging forgotten at her side, was still bending tenderly over him as the two little waifs passed out of our sight.

II

"Mooney slung that rock!"

"I did-dent!"

"He tried to hit me with it!"

"I did-dent!" It was a drawl fast tightening into a wail.

"Yuh did too! Bill seen yuh. Didn't yuh, Bill?"

"Yep!"

"Yuh did-dent!"

"Come on, you, Mooney! Both of 'em seen yuh. What's the use. It's the juvenile court for you. Come on!"

The officer jerked the boy toward him, turned on his heel—and came face to face with a well-dressed, determined looking girl, perhaps eighteen years of age. She stood directly in his path.

"What's your hurry?" she asked coolly.

He regarded her, speechless.

"What's he done?" she demanded, pointing to Mooney.

"Who wants to know?" snapped the officer.

"I do, being his sister."

Her suavity disconcerted him, took a little edge off his high manner.

"He threwed a rock at this here kid and broke that window across the street over there. I'm goin' to take him to the juvenile court. Whatchu goin' to do about it?"

The crash of the window had reached my ears just as I was coming from a fashionable apartment house where I had been visiting a patient. Too late to see the missile thrown, I reached the pavement in time to see the officer rush from the drug store, followed by the druggist, cross the street hurriedly and gather the boys to identify the culprit.

Before he could utter a syllable, Mooney had been proclaimed the defendant. His accuser was named Dutch, it proved later, while Bill made a willing chief witness for the prosecution. Law and order stood personified in the officer, the druggist was present as plaintiff and the young woman had arrived on the scene unexpectedly as counsel for the defense.

Her advent gave the thing a final touch of interest that held me. I strolled over to the group to offer myself as clerk, bailiff or jury, in case the need arose.

"What am I going to do?" said the girl, repeating the officer's question. "I can tell you better after I've talked with him."

"Who said you were goin' to talk with him?" retorted Law and Order glaring.

"Oh, come now! Don't be afraid. I won't steal him!"

Her ridicule loosened his grip on Mooney and the girl drew her brother aside for a whispered colloquy. We could not hear what she said, but it was evidently straight to the point, for she was soon back in our midst.

"Mooney didn't do it!" she asserted flatly to the officer.

"Didn't suppose I thought you'd say he did, did yuh,—bein' his sister!"

She regarded him thoughtfully.

"It'll take some words, but I'm goin' to prove to you,—even you—that he didn't."

She gave him no chance to reply but turned to the druggist, who wore a blonde silk mustache on his pink face with a conscious pride in its beauty.

"You're the proprietor of the drugstore, aren't you?" she inquired sweetly. He nodded, beaming.

"I'm awfully sorry about your window!"

She uttered this remark with such a tender look of sympathy that it made him a friend of the defense on the spot. What was a plate glass window or two to him? A mere trifle to pay for a smile like that!

"And that's the thing that caused all the trouble, isn't it?" She indicated a small piece of brick he held in his hand. "May I see it?"

Pinching it tightly between his thumb and fore-finger, with his other fingers curved daintily outward, he dropped it gently into her hand. Then drawing back, he bit his lip, crossed his feet and clasped his hands. He looked such a dear!

"And, of course, when you heard it smash through your window, you rushed right out of the store, didn't you?"

"Oh, on the instant! You see, I naturally wanted to entrap the malefactor!"

"Better not call me that!" murmured Mooney, darkly.

"Of course!" said the girl, silencing Mooney. "And where was this boy standing when you saw him first?" She indicated her brother.

The druggist strode mincingly toward the sidewalk. We were all standing in the street.

"Right there by the curb," he pointed, with delicate precision.

"That's right, isn't it, Bill?" she asked casually.

"Yep!" glibly responded the chief witness for the prosecution.

"And where was this boy standing?" she asked the druggist, pointing to Dutch.

"Over there by the mortar trough," replied the man of medicines, in the same highly refined way.

The mortar trough lay against the curb some twenty feet

from where Mooney had been located. It was full of fresh mortar that was being used in the construction of a residence next to the apartment house.

A look of alarm spread over Dutch's face at the druggist's reply, but before he could speak, the girl had shot another question at Bill:

"Is that right?"

Bill could not see what she was driving at, but he evidently felt something ominous in her questions, and squirmed. The battery of those stern brown eyes cowed him, however, and again he answered:

"Yep!"

The word was no sooner out of his mouth than the girl advanced on him with startling suddenness:

"So you mean to tell me that Mooney stood here against the curb, threw this brick at Dutch there, on the same side of the street, and the brick flew over and broke the drug store window?"

The suddenness of the attack left Bill too dazed to invent a lie and explain the difficulty. He could only gulp.

Not so Dutch. In desperation, he cried out:

"It slipped out of his hand!"

The young attorney for the defense paused in dismay. Mooney looked anxious. The officer, with a sneer, stepped forward;

"He got yuh there, didn't he? Come on, kid! I ain't goin' to waste no more time!"

"Just a minute! Just a minute!" interposed the girl. "Just because he said it slipped doesn't make it so, does it?"

The girl stood hunting swiftly for the next move while the officer framed his reply. By chance, her eyes dropped to the brick she was holding in her hand. There were several particles of mortar on her palm around it, which she had scraped off in her tight grip. I saw her eyes flash exultantly, as she raised her hand to check the officer's impending outburst.

Slowly, as not to arouse his suspicion, she sauntered over to Dutch's side. When near enough, she suddenly reached out and seized him by the wrist. With a quick jerk upward, she forced his fingers to spread wide open.

Almost covering two of them were white specks of mortar.

"Mooney, open your right hand!"

Her brother obeyed. Nothing white could be seen thereon.

"Officer, oh, jewel of wisdom, who threw that brick?"

Law and Order sheepishly walked over and gripped Dutch with one hand and Bill with the other. As he did so, Mooney burst into a taunting laugh. Dutch turned on him with a snarl:

"You ain't got nothin' to laugh at. We'd a put it over if your sister hadn't been so smart!"

He had time to say no more, for Law and Order jerked him forward, and the three disappeared around the corner. But Dutch's words had left Mooney strangely crestfallen. I stood wondering why when—

"Wonderful! Simply wonderful!"

It was the voice under the silk mustache, speaking in a spasm of admiration.

"You are wonderfully clever! I don't see how you think so quickly! May I—won't you—please favor me by coming over and—and having something at the fountain!"

"I'm sorry, but I must refuse," she replied with a smile, and turned toward Mooney.

"I'm much more sorry than you!" he cooed. Then, backing away toward his store, he continued gushingly: "Perhaps some other time. I'd really like to make your acquaintance. You are so won—"

His heel struck the street car track and he nearly—but not quite—spoiled the picture. Prudence overcoming gallantry, he fronted about hurriedly and entered his store face first.

I turned and looked at the girl. She had not even followed the druggist's movements, but stood near the downcast Mooney, her arm about his shoulders.

There could be but one Mooney with a drawl like his, so this must be Lorry Mayhue. Straightway out of my memory I began a comparison—the little girl waif in the hospital with the grown-up maiden.

In externals there was none of the waif left. No rags, but a well-made walking suit of blue; no grime, but a glowing freshness; no gaunt, half-starved form, but a rounded, shapely slenderness.

In the things of the soul, however, there was all of the waif remaining. The grave tenderness, the unbeatable determination, the direct simplicity and lack of self-interest were quite the same in the maiden as they were in the waif who had approached us that day, announcing:

"I've come about my brother's hand!"

They were there in vivid clearness as she stood once more, just as she had stood in the hospital, with her arm about her brother's shoulders. The words fitted again so aptly that I murmured them aloud:

"Little mother-heart!"

The girl glanced up sharply. She had heard and she remembered. Words of affection were rare to the waif, and they had sunk deep. She stood for a moment, trying to puzzle me out. Then, slowly, recollection came to her.

"It is Dr. Landen, isn't it?"

"It is—Miss Mayhue."

"How did you know?" she asked, shaking hands cordially.

"I heard Mooney's name—and his drawl. How are you, Mooney?"

The boy stared at me uncertainly.

"He doesn't remember you," interjected his sister, quickly. "This is Dr. Landen, Mooney." We shook hands. "He was little more than a baby—and he saw you but once, you know."

"That was your fault. Why didn't you come back for another dressing?"

She paused, a little diffidently.

"It's a long story, Doctor."

"I want to hear it," I said impulsively. "Won't you ride with me, say, out to the park and back, while you tell it to me?"

It was abrupt, of course, and I was not surprised when she hesitated.

"Please don't stand on formalities," I urged. "It's broad daylight and I'm just an old, perfectly respectable family physician—married, and all the other qualifications—and I really want to hear you. Mooney will chaperone."

She smiled and turned to her brother.

"Want to go, Mooney?"

He started toward the car, drawling:

"Uh-huh."

"All right, we'll go—providing, Doctor, you deliver us home in time for early Saturday dinner. Aunt Minnie is hard on late comers, and she knows I have Saturday afternoon off at the office and no excuse."

"Punctuality is my middle name," I cried, helping her into the machine. Mooney was already buried in the back seat. "Do you live near here?"

"Three blocks east, where fashion ends and mere respectability begins."

We both laughed, and I started off. We were soon whirling southward toward the park.

"Commence your apology any old time, Miss Mayhue. Why didn't you keep your first appointment with me?"

"Did you really expect me?" she asked, curiously.

"Mrs.—er—Miss O'Malley and I both spoke of it several times. You see, you made a deep impression."

"Is Miss O'Malley still—Miss O'Malley?" she asked irrelevantly.

"No, Miss O'Malley is now Mrs. Dr. Landen."

"You've a right to be proud of the fact. She's a dear!"

"You may call and tell her that to her face. In the meantime—we're almost to the park!" I warned.

She was silent for a moment and then began, seriously:

"We couldn't come back, Doctor. When we got home that day, we found father sitting in our one kitchen chair—dead."

There was no grief in her voice, and I ventured:

"Alcoholism?"

"It must have been. I called in the neighbors. While they were fluttering around, oh-ing and ah-ing, I remember I sat wondering how we were going to get along. I even figured on getting a box I could stand on, and cook.

"But I needn't have bothered my head. The neighbors sent for the coroner and the police and the pauper clerk, and after two hours of heartless talk between them, they consigned Mooney and me to the orphans' home."

A hardness crept into her voice.

"There wasn't any other place to send us, of course, and we've no reason to complain of our treatment. But there wasn't a day of the five years we spent there that I wasn't planning how to get away.

"My chance came when a Mrs. Blyden offered me a place as her housemaid, with time for studying shorthand and typewriting at night school. It took me a year to learn, for I had a lot to do outside. But finally I got my first position, at \$35 a month—and the world was mine!"

She stopped and drew a long breath before continuing:

"Mooney had stayed in the orphanage. Mrs. Blyden helped me find a widowed aunt we'd almost forgotten—a sister of my mother. She was desperately poor, trying to support five children—but she said Mooney and I could come and live with her if I'd pay half the grocery bill.

"Our accommodations were a blanket and a mattress in the corner. But the grocery bill wasn't very large—and even just a blanket and a mattress are better than an orphans' home—when you pay for them."

"Good for you!" I broke in.

"Thanks!" she said with a smile. Then she went on: "I'm now earning twice my first salary, and aunt, too, has come up in the world a little. I've a room to myself and Mooney shares one with his cousin. He goes to school and is getting along fine. You see," she continued, laughing, "I've done nothing at all exciting. Just simply taken care of Mooney and myself."

"Mostly Mooney," I commented.

"You're right!"

Mooney must have got a running start on his interjection, for in spite of the drawl it came with startling suddenness.

"It has been mostly me," he continued, pushing his articulation to utmost speed. "She's saved me from dyin' a couple of times with scarlet fever and diphtheria, she keeps me from

flunkin' at school and getting run over, and bein' pinched, like today, and—and everything. She's even learnin' to swim to keep me from gettin' drowned. I know I'll give her the chance," he finished dejectedly.

There was something too sturdy about Mooney to make this speech sound effeminate. He was just too slow, too superlatively deliberate to take proper care of himself, at least, in the eyes of his sister. And so, with her quick wit, she had obviously made it a life habit to step between him and trouble, no matter whether, if left alone, he could have won out himself, or not.

"Don't be foolish, Mooney," said his sister deprecatingly. "We stop here, Doctor."

I drew up under the shade trees in front of a neat cottage of the type built in large numbers two decades ago—front room flanked by a porch, large bay windows and a gabled roof. There were a lawn and flower gardens in front.

Lorry got out, followed by Mooney, who placed himself beside her. With her habitual gesture of arm around shoulders, she drew him tightly to her.

"Mooney plays my game—just as hard as I play his!" she said with a tender pride. "And he always will!"

I saw Mooney shyly pat her hand and then edge uncomfortably away. He strolled toward the fence, out of earshot. I quietly slipped to the curb, and stood beside Lorry, who had followed her brother with her gaze. Presently she turned to me:

"I can't fully explain why I care so deeply for Mooney, Doctor. I think, though, that it's because I never could get over the fact that he has never known mother love. I did know it—for just long enough to learn how precious it is. Mother was as dear and sweet as ever a mother could be—until father's drunkenness broke her heart. She left us suddenly. I remember I told you father's lie about it. It was a hateful lie, for she—she had a mental breakdown and—and was accidentally drowned."

A moment of silence and then she went on:

"Mooney was only a baby, then, and doesn't remember a thing about mother. It's a miracle either he or I lived through those horrible years. But somehow, we did. I've dragged on through them, holding tight to that memory of mother love and trying all the time the best way I know how to pass it on to Mooney. It's sort of second hand, but it's love—and it counts."

Her last words were almost fierce in their passionate earnestness. Once more they sent my mind racing back over the years—to a hospital and a little grimy girl, bending lovingly over a baby brother. I took her hand in mine:

"I've had a mother's love—all my life. I treasure it deeply. But I doubt whether I've had anything finer, rarer, more wonderful than what you have given Mooney."

The intense gratitude I saw in her misty eyes made me wonder if anyone before had ever fully appreciated her.

The silence that followed was broken by a drawl from Mooney, who raised his voice to make us hear:

"Better be crankin' up, Doc!"

"Why, Mooney!" exclaimed Lorry, horrified at his easy familiarity. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Look who's comin'!" he replied laconically.

We glanced in the direction he indicated. Approaching rapidly was a rather dark, thin, good-looking young man with appealing eyes and a timid manner. He was carrying a violin. Lorry identified him with a quick lover's blush.

He drew near and she bashfully introduced us. We started to chat—about Lorry's and my first meeting, I think. *We*, I say, started to chat, but *we* didn't keep it up long. *They* soon had the conversation monopolized.

Mooney joined the group. He asked me a question about my car. I answered, and he followed with another. I answered again, rather lengthily. By the time I had finished, Lorry and the young man—his name was Lawrence Haydon—were over by the fence, out of earshot and absolutely absorbed in each other. I studied them a moment and then I turned once more to Mooney:

"Mooney," I said with conviction, "those two over there are in love."

"You're right."

"Who is he?"

"He gives violin lessons and plays in the theayter orchestra. He makes good money, and he treats Sis great!"

"Are they going to get married?"

"Nope."

"What is stopping them?"

"Me!"

"You!"

"Yep, me." His tone was the lowest in dejection.

"Why should you stand in their way?"

"Because I'm too blamed slow to get out!" he drawled wretchedly. "I'm too slow 'bout takin' care of myself, and Sis says she won't get married and leave me. He needs her worse than I do, because he is a softy. Fiddlers always is. I'm slow, but if I was up against it, I'd get around to takin' care of myself, you can bet on that. So I've been tryin' to find a way out—but I'm too slow, even for that!"

Here was the explanation of his dejection in the face of his triumph over Dutch. It had taken his sister to get him out of the box—and he at the age most conscious of its dawning man-

hood! The thought was gnawing at his pride—had been doing so, perhaps, for many months.

I said something helplessly perfunctory, which he did not heed. He did not hear me call out goodby to Lorry and Lawrence, nor was he aware that they came to shake hands with me.

Only when the whirr of my engine began did he come back to outer consciousness. He glanced up to find me gazing full upon him. Meeting my look squarely, he drawled the thought that was uppermost in his mind:

“You wait, though, Doc. I’ll find a way out yet!”

III

It was characteristic of Mooney that it took him fully three years before he even started to accomplish his purpose. And then, because he used only indirect methods, the process was a long and painful one.

In the meantime, Lorry had called on my wife, and my wife and I had called on Aunt Minnie, and there had grown up a deep and cordial friendship between us. Aunt Minnie proved to be an admirable woman, and an important explanation of both Lorry’s and Mooney’s moral and intellectual success.

The execution of Mooney’s plan, long-matured though it was, came with a shocking suddenness.

He dropped completely out of sight!

We searched the city for days, and found no trace of him. I engaged a national detective agency, but their nation-wide search proved fruitless. He was gone.

Lorry refused to believe it. She tramped the streets day and night, rushing home feverishly at intervals in the hope of finding him returned. She grew thin and ill, but kept steadfastly at it, ceaselessly hunting and hunting. Poor little mother-heart!

One day, long after I had given up hope, I found a letter in my mail bearing Canadian postage. Failing to recognize it I opened it with indifferent interest. It read:

“By the time you get this, I’ll be on board a transport. I’m a Canadian soldier and I’m going to France. It was the only way out. Now Doc, it’s up to you.”

“Your friend,
“Mooney.”

Stunned, I handed the letter silently to my wife. She read it and burst into tears. What a fine, crazy, splendid way out the boy had found!

Together we hurried over to Lorry. She held a letter in her hand, but we need not have seen that to tell she had received the news.

"You—you've had a letter, too?" she asked a little wildly.

I nodded. Then straight into the arms of my darling she went. I turned my head away.

"Gone to the war, Miss O'Malley! My baby brother—gone to the war!" Miss O'Malley was what they always called her.

We sought the right word to comfort Lorry and could not find it. There were only a few Lorrays in our land then, but oh, the thousands there are now! Tender mother-hearts, torn with a ceaseless ache! We search for the word to comfort them but we cannot find it. There is no word. The spirit that moves us must work in our souls unexpressed, reaching out mutely to soothe the aching hearts. . . .

Presently Lorry lifted her wan white face and turned to me nervously:

"I must get perfectly well, Doctor. You must make me absolutely well. He may need me more than ever. Wound—" she shuddered. "How he may need me!"

This became her dominating thought. She insisted on seeing me frequently and followed my directions scrupulously. There was no beating that indomitable will. She grew stronger rapidly, in spite of the intensity of her grief.

It soon became clear to me that Mooney's departure had failed in its purpose. I made sure of this when, upon suggesting his object one day, I received this passionate reply:

"No! I *won't* think of my own heart! Less than ever now—with Mooney in the trenches!"

The strength of her love amazed me. It was beyond logic, beyond persuasion, so fixed as to be almost an obsession, so ardent as to be almost fanatical.

His continued absence made it all the more intense and profound. In fact, the anguish she suffered added an element of martyrdom which, I finally concluded, had defeated his purpose forever.

His return seemed to confirm this indubitably, for he came back, after two years, wounded severely. He had grown into a powerful man, but the twist of a German bayonet had robbed him of his strength, had made him, in spite of his gallant effort, as utterly dependent upon his sister as a baby.

He was helpless for weeks. Lorry threw herself into the care of him with an ecstasy of devotion that made of Lawrence—always constant, always adoring—an exile. And though I knew Mooney would get well, I felt surer than ever that he would never be anything else than "Lorry Mayhue's brother."

I did not calculate on the alchemy of war.

One evening I called and found him noticeably improved. I told Lorry that I did not think it necessary to sit up with him. She promptly told me that I did not know my business, and that she would not think of leaving him alone. We started to argue when Mooney suddenly cut in:

"Doc's right, Lorry. You go to bed!"

We both turned to him in amazement. There was something in his words that made them, not a request, not a suggestion, but an out-and-out command! Mooney had actually *ordered* Lorry to do something!

And, miracle upon miracle, he made her do it! There was some argument, in which no voices were raised and no angry words spoken, but in which Mooney definitely established mastery.

There were several incidents of a similar character and similar results. Lorry explained them away by saying that she had to humor a sick boy. But I soon formed a different opinion.

His wound was, perhaps, the least serious consequence of Mooney's experience in France. War had worked a wonderful change in him. It had stiffened his soul with the magic power of initiative, had discovered for him the bed-rock of his manhood—self-reliance.

That became plainer than ever when he got on his feet and started to work. He secured a position as an automobile mechanic, a trade he had learned in France and learned well.

On his first pay-day he had a quiet little talk with his Aunt Minnie. When Lorry went to furnish her half of the grocery bill she found it settled. In the argument that followed between brother and sister, the victory was wholly Mooney's.

One evening he came home and found her ironing a waist. She did a lot of things like that to save money. But that night she was too tired to have been doing anything but sleeping. Mooney saw it and promptly took a hand:

"You're nearly all in, Sis. Let that go until tomorrow!"

"I can't," she sighed. "I have to wear it tomorrow night."

"Then I'll buy you a new one first thing in the morning," he bribed.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" she flared. "I guess I can earn my own clothes!"

Mooney sighed, (walked slowly over to her, and without the slightest warning, swept her into his arms and carried her to her room. He had carefully deposited her on her bed before she could get her breath.

"Why—why, Mooney! How—how dare you!" she gasped.

"You haven't gumption enough to take care of yourself," he explained tolerantly, "so I've got to do it for you. Go to bed!"

"I won't!"

"What's the use, Sis. You'll only lose the argument. Why not save time and get a little more sleep?"

That was the baldest assertion of his authority he had ever made, and it stung. Hot words rose to her lips—but they stopped when she caught the look in his eyes. Clear, determined looking eyes they were, but yet so tender, so anxious, so utterly adoring!

Her voice caught in a sob. Wounded pride and weariness battled with a delightful sense of being cuddled and bossed by this powerful, domineering, worshipful young giant of a brother—battled till she felt overwhelmed.

She sank back on the bed, biting hard to stop the quiver in her lip. Mooney saw his advantage. With the genius of a born soldier and the tenderness of a woman, he said no word, but, bending over, kissed her and left the room.

Lorry did not follow him. The next day he bought her a waist—and she wore it.

The final victory came not long afterward. In it, I was his ally. On the whole I am proud of the fact, though I vow I have an average conscience.

I became an ally, however, entirely unawares. Mooney simply stopped me on the street one day, and asked me to spend the evening with him and Lorry and break the loneliness of my wife's absence out of town.

When I arrived I found Lorry and Mooney sitting cozily before an open fire. My chair was waiting for me, and I was soon as comfortable as they. There was nothing at all to indicate what was impending.

Presently Mooney turned to Lorry and said, casually:

"Sis, don't you think it's about time that you—well that you and Lawrence—"

"No, I don't!" she interrupted abruptly. "And I won't discuss the matter."

"Oh, yes you will," he returned easily. "Because I'm going away."

"Where?" she demanded, startled.

"The big boss wants me on his auto tour through the south. I'll be gone months. Then what'll you do?"

"Wait till you come home," she answered promptly.

"But what if I were gone for a year—for several years?"

"Let's not talk about it!" she exclaimed uneasily.

"But we must talk about it!" he insisted.

"Then I'll tell you, Mooney," she said gravely, after a pause. "You don't remember mother, do you?"

"No, I don't," he said softly.

"I do. And I remember her as the kind that loves and

never stops loving—the kind that every man ought to know if he's to be the best kind of a man. But you couldn't know her, except through me.

"That, I am sure, is why—why I love you so much. It seems as if I've always, ever since I was a wee rag of a girl, felt as if I had to let you know, through me, what a wonderfully dear mother she was. I've felt as if I never ought, never could leave you until you found someone else—whom you loved better, and wanted more. Whether that's the true explanation or not, the way I feel toward you is—the foundation of my life. You can't coax it away. You can't scold it away. You can't frighten it away. It's there—until you take it away!"

The sublimity of her words seemed for a moment to swerve him from his purpose. His eyes grew misty, and he struggled for composure. But soon the old stubborn look, that was at the same time deeply reverent, came back into his eyes, and he answered:

"But, Lorry—sister—can't you see how—how far wrong you've gone with it? I'm not a world-beater, but you've made a decent man of me, and that's all I have coming from you. To go on like this is cheating yourself! It's cheating Lawrence! I tell you it's all wrong!"

He had risen in his earnestness and stood before her with outstretched hands. She placed hers in his, half-yielding. Then, suddenly, she drew back, almost fiercely:

"No, no! You're asking me to be selfish—to forget you! Oh, I couldn't! I couldn't!"

Mooney's jaw set and his face grew white.

"All right, you force me to it. Lorry, I'm going to re-enlist tomorrow!"

A deathly silence followed. It was broken by her laugh: "You can't. Your wound!" she said lightly.

He turned to me.

"That has entirely healed, hasn't it, Doctor Landen?"

He looked me straight in the eye, and I knew then what he expected of me. His wound never would heal enough to go back in the army, but I answered, steadily:

"Yes, it is—quite healed."

My eyes sought Lorry's face, and I sickened as I saw the agonized struggle depicted there. It lasted perhaps a few seconds, but to us it seemed an age. Then came her desperate cry:

"No! No! Mooney—not again! I couldn't—I couldn't stand it! I'll—I'll do what you say. Only—don't go, little brother—*don't go!*"

She clung to him, sobbing wildly. The strain for a time

was terrific. He had won, but his white drawn face and twitching lips told at what a price!

It was several minutes before he calmed her.

"That—that hurt—cruelly," she said, as he released her. Sobs still clutched at her voice.

"I know, dear, I know. But can't you see? It—it sets you free!"

"Free!" She lingered thoughtfully over the word. Then she turned pleadingly to me:

"Is—is he right, Doctor?"

"Absolutely, dear girl. Absolutely," I said patting her hand reassuringly. He has very very truly set you free!"

She sank into a chair and sat gazing into the fire. Slowly her face cleared. The love that had lain so long smothered in her heart began to shine out, in the glow of her beautiful eyes, in the smile that played on her lips. She was happy, wonderfully, radiantly happy!

Suddenly she stiffened, and then—giggled. As though speaking to herself she murmured delightedly:

"But, Lawrence! He—he won't know! I shall have to—propose to him!"

"Oh, I'll fix that!" said Mooney officiously.

"No, you won't!" She was on her feet in a flash, cheeks aflame. "Promise you won't say a word to him! Promise, or I'll never marry him as long as I live!"

"I promise!" gasped Mooney. "Cross my heart and hope to die!"

"You, too!" She turned sternly on me.

"Indeed, yes!" I exclaimed hastily. "He'll get no help from me!"

She shook with laughter at our dismay. Then, with a toss of her head:

"The idea! Remember, Lawrence is only a man!"

Again that laugh—clear, ringing, care-free. As it ended, she turned to me:

"Good-night, Dr. Landen. You'll excuse me, I know, because I've had enough excitement for one evening. And besides, I'm just crazy to get by myself and—frame that proposal!"

She laughingly shook hands, then turned and gazed quizzically at her brother. Presently she walked up to him, put her hands on his shoulders, and looking him straight in the eye, said:

"Brother, dear, the idea has popped into my head that this is a plot, that you were just trying to scare me!"

My heart stood still, but not a muscle of Mooney's face moved. As though not observing him closely at all, Lorry went on softly:

"But, even if you were, I shouldn't mind. In fact, even if I discovered positively that it was a plot, I—I'd be glad! For—for I'm as happy as heaven itself could make me! Good night!"

As the door closed gently behind her, both Mooney and I heaved a deep sigh of relief. She had given us absolution.

A Song of the War

A bard made rhyme on the king's highway,
 A migrant minstrel bold,
 And all who tarried were scofful, they,
 The pilgrim old, the courtier gay,
 For he sang of war,—'twas a direful lay,
 An ominous song of old.

The king swept by with his pageantry,
 Nor hearkened the hateful lore;
 No alms to a vagrant minstrelsy,
 While he of the realm's first majesty
 Must hie him away on his embassy,
 In revelry far from war.

The martsman's visage was seamed with care,
 As over the hill he climbed,
 With gold elusive and hard to spare;
 What mattered to him the minstrel's ware,
 That out on the highway over there
 The woe of the years was rhymed?

They passed him by through the lowering day,
 The sorrowing minstrel seer,
 A hurrying, motley pageant they,
 The viceroy and the poppinjay,
 The love-lorn churl and the maiden gay,
 With never an ear to hear.

They passed him by in their panoply,
 When they charged at the tocsin call,
 And theirs was a frenzied errantry,
 To fight for a liege and a dynasty,
 When every stroke was catastrophe,
 And the liege of all was thrall.

They passed him by on the highway old,
 A wearying, contrite throng,
 The vanquished king to his gyves cajoled,
 The martman stark with his tawdry gold,,
 'Tis only the minstrel brave and bold
 Who lives in the ominous song.

Bertha A. Kleinman.

Problems of Every-day Life

Dealing with Religious, Social and Economic Questions and their Solution. A Study for the Quorums and Classes of the Melchizedek Priesthood

By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner

[*Note.* These lessons are from the text book for 1918, which, owing to unforeseen difficulties in preparation and printing, has been delayed. They are given in the *Era*, so that the classes may proceed with their studies without interruption until the book may be published. If more copies of the *Era* than now taken in any ward, are needed, new subscriptions may begin with the January number.—*The Committee.*]

Preface

I am asked to write on some of the vital problems of the age. At the outset I anticipate a criticism that many of the chapters of this book will be considered pessimistic. Problems are problems because they have two sides, and because they presuppose, in our social and economic systems, a need of reformation; they are problems also because they carry certain dangers with them. If this were an age of optimism we should have few or no problems for discussion.

About the only real optimism which we can safely entertain is the optimism of hope that things somehow and sometime will come out all right. It is our chief duty at present, however, to pursue remedies to thwart evils which every thoughtful person must realize are threatening the social and economic systems of the world.

War has its evils but war is also a revelation of a multitude of existing evils that have brought it about. We are, therefore, on the threshold of a period of reconstruction. As a people we believe sincerely that the wisdom of this world is insufficient to meet the great demands of the future. Hereafter the world must take God into their confidence and consider seriously the revelations which he has given for our guidance. Only a very few of these revelations are referred to in this book because of the limitations put upon it.

The contents of these chapters are not exhaustive. They are rather intended as a basis for the discussion of present conditions of life which constitute a problem for all thinking men. The classes for whom these chapters are intended will have, therefore, from their own experience and reading, abundant illustrations to supplement that which the author has written. The problems contained in these discussions are the living issues; they are very serious issues that confront us.

Furthermore, we live in an age when the most serious troubles confront us, and as a people we may well begin the work of reconstruction that has been prepared for us by revelation. It is time to set our houses in order and prepare for the colossal work which peace will bring to us as a people and to the world at large.

If I have drawn a dark picture of many aspects of the world today, I rest in the consolation that nothing has been said in this book which, in my thoughts, is not justified by the revelations which God has given through the Prophet Joseph Smith to the world. The revelations in the book of Doc-

trine and Covenants truly give us the most serious warnings of God's judgments which are to come, and "come quickly," he has told us. If there are those who think I have been excessively pessimistic, let them read the words of God contained in the revelations printed in the Doctrine and Covenants. They are my best defense.—*J. M. Tanner.*

I.—An Interpretation of the War

Definition.—The great conflict now raging in Europe represents two great classes of wars. There are national wars, or what we might term the ordinary war, and there are world-dominion wars. The latter take place only at great intervals; they mark the end of the old and the beginning of a new regime; they represent individual and national ambition for world-wide dominion. Such wars are represented in the overthrow of the civilization in the ancient nations inhabiting the valley of the Mesopotamia and the banks of the Nile. Alexander wept, it is said, because there were no other worlds to conquer. "In that day to be a Roman was greater than a king." Rome, at the zenith of her career as conqueror of nations, began her downfall. Napoleon dreamed dreams, and today Germany is struggling for world supremacy. The lesson that God is the ruler of this world has never been learned. From ancient times, ambitions to overtop the heavens have been thwarted amidst confusion and decay.

The Decadence of the Old and the Birth of the New.—The fact that nations come and go is not so important as the changes in civilization. The process of disintegration goes on rapidly while from beneath a new order of things is springing up. The old regime was as blind to its fading glory as it was to the eternal truth of God's omnipotence. We come thus to speak of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman civilizations, each supplanting the other in the order named. These changes have been a part of the progress of the world from the earliest times. At these periodical changes in civilization, some distant and "contemptible" power has come into the new life of the world as a dominating factor. Such world-dominion wars have not only become characterized by the unexpected which happened in them, but by the unexpected results that grew out of them. The great war now on has been noted for the sudden appearance of the unexpected, and according to past epochs of history, we may reasonably expect that its effects will be the unexpected changes and conditions of the new life which will follow. The ground beneath our feet is giving way, and we must support ourselves by a new and different hold upon the shifting conditions of another civilization.

The Fading Glories.—In all these past break-ups in civilization, men have deceived themselves by their prattle about imperishable glories. They professed to believe that their age had fastened itself upon the life of the world forever. The fading processes became obscure to them, not because they were not visible, but because men were blind. Today we see but do not comprehend—a form of blindness. The world is therefore full of surprises for which we are not prepared. Under such conditions men cannot comprehend a change because the end and the beginning are not abrupt, but the one grows gradually out of the other. The key to the mystery of it all is locked up in the word "unexpected." If we would form some idea of the unexpected things that await us, we must count the unexpected things that have happened. The sure sign of the new age is "surprise."

After the Breakup.—What will happen after the disintegrating processes have done their work? That is God's mystery, a part of his revelations. It will be the new glory of another age. As time goes on, it will become a field for speculation. Economists will stand amid the ruins of their theories, and explain by "ifs" why they were not everlastingly right. Politicians will grope in the dark. The business world will begin the work of readjustment. Community life will take on a new aspect. Customs, manners, and methods will be changed to suit the needs of the new life.

Changes may not be rapid. In the past they have appeared gradually as generation after generation passed on. This, however, is an electric age, and who can say that the new life may not come with the speed which is drawing the world to its new destiny. Life at such a crisis is bewildering, but it is interesting, it is even comforting because it reveals some divine purpose which calls for a new hope and a profounder faith.

Is Disintegration Anarchy?—Leading minds of England are in a world of doubt. Lloyd George has recently appointed a commission to examine industrial unrest. The president of the Corpus Christi College of Oxford does not believe that a revolution can be averted even to the end of the present war. In this country Andrew D. White sees the coming of anarchy. Whether the change will be a simple disintegration or anarchy depends upon the question of violence. Violence comes from hatred and hatred is inflamed by hunger. Will famine follow war? It has often been its companion. Brooks Adams, in his *Theory of Social Revolutions*, says: "Now, although the optimist contends that since men cannot foresee the future, worry about the future is futile, and that everything, in the best possible of worlds, is inevitably for the best. I think it clear that within recent years an uneasy suspicion has come into being that the principle of authority has been dangerously impaired, and that the social system, if it is to cohere, must be reorganized. If capital insists upon continuing to exercise sovereign powers, without accepting responsibility for a trust, the revolt against the existing order must probably continue, and the revolt can only be dealt with by physical force."

Government is always representative, whether it be democratic or monarchical; but it represents the dominating force of the age and community. It will hardly be gainsaid that the greater force in our country today is capital, and that our government is primarily capitalistic, just as in Germany the government is militaristic, because the greatest force in that country is military power.

We have ceased to look to the Government at Washington as our sole protector. In the city of New York the lives of millions are dependent not upon Congress or upon the president of the United States, but upon the great transportation companies that hourly transport the daily bread of the people. If it be said that state and federal governments may control these transportation companies, it will be admitted that capital is after all the primary power, and the government's only secondary. Some captains of industry have set up a divine right to rule as the stewards of the people's needs. What Mr. Adams here writes was given out before the war. The war emphasizes the weaknesses, vices, and dangers of our national life. As the evils of governments become more pronounced, they invite all opposing forces in opposition to them, and hence we see the menace of *capital* and *labor* to the present standards of life.

New Problems.—As a result of the present world catastrophe a new order of life will come into being, old institutions will give way to new organizations brought forward to meet the demands of the new age. Our social, industrial, and religious life must undergo pronounced changes in the reconstruction of a new age.

It is not easy to establish a new order of things without some preparation, some experience. Has God permitted this debacle to come into the world without some revelation of the needs of the new life to which people will be subjected? Is there no one to point the way, no institution given to some delegated authority as a guide to the life of the new world. The crumbling processes are already felt, but an easy-going world has not yet become serious enough to think of substitutions. It will be the aim of the writer to point out in the chapters to follow some of the important and already established methods of dealing with the new age, revealed methods that have already found their way into the daily lives of comparatively

small communities, but yet suited for the largest of human aggregations. The world is being thrown into a vast caldron, the melting pot of human institutions. What the moulding processes will be it is not easy to determine, but out of the incoherent mass of activities will come a new earth, if not a new heaven. One may readily believe that this is God's day, that he is speaking through those calamities which the world is bringing upon itself. The history of the past proves that more than once it has been easier for the voice of God to penetrate the world through the roar of cannon and the shrieks of famine than through the vices, oppressions, and luxuries of life. Out of great calamities have been born many divine institutions that brought alleviation from the sorrows of life. Too bad, one may say, that we must suffer so much that we may learn so little, learn what we might know and practice if only our lives were turned to the will and purposes of God; but we have our free agencies, the freest of all human institutions. It is not agencies that make us free, but the truth which is learned only in obedience to divine purposes. We have not the strength to say "not my will, but thine be done." What we vainly imagine is the strength of our will is the weakness of our selfishness and vain ambitions.

Revealed Causes.—The peace of the world is God-ordained and God-sustained. If men will not acknowledge God in all things, and prefer the exercise of their free agencies, desires, and lusts, they may have their own way that they may try themselves and test divine truth. Such a test lies before us. In a revelation of God to Joseph Smith, the Lord says, Doc. and Cov. 1:31-35:

"And he that repents not, from him shall be taken even the light which he has received, for my Spirit shall not always strive with man, saith the Lord of Hosts. And again, verily I say unto you, O inhabitants of the earth, I the Lord am willing to make these things known unto all flesh. For I am no respecter of persons, and will that all men should know that the day speedily cometh; the hour is not yet, but is nigh at hand, when peace shall be taken from the earth, and the devil shall have power over his own dominion."

Again, Doc. and Cov. 101:8:

"In the day of their peace they esteemed lightly my counsel; but in the day of their trouble, of necessity they feel after me."

See also Doc. and Cov. 43:33 and all of section 87.

II—The Ashes of the World's Conflagration

The Elements of Destruction.—When the ashes of the great conflagration are removed, they will reveal the elements that burned so fiercely and destructively during the conflict. They will contain the same elements that have been the moving factors in the world's great upheavals of the past—hatred, ambition, pride, vice, luxury, idleness, and infidelity. These sins have worked themselves into the lives of nations, by the contagious influence of the individuals composing the social structure of civilization. There develops a national spirit, a national instinct that we are compelled to yield to for the so-called national good. When national disintegration sets in, society is compelled anew to build up a new life out of the new spirit which has always followed the overthrow of a passing civilization. Greece and Rome could not conceive that their civilizations were unstable and incomplete, that they must pass away in order that a higher and better life might take their place. We may see the place where others stand, but it is difficult to look at ourselves while moving forward in the course of human events.

Hatred.—A passing examination of the destructive forces of the present age will better help us to appreciate how the old must be substituted by the new, how the mistakes of the past must be avoided, if we are to build with any degree of permanence for the future.

The most deadly force in the powers of destruction is hatred, the cause of nearly all calamities to national and individual life. Wherever this destructive force manifests itself there will be found grave dangers to our peace and progress. It provokes wars and wrecks all the social institutions intended for man's preservation and happiness. When there is an alliance of hatreds, armed conflict is virtually inevitable. Present world combinations furnish a striking illustration. For decades England, France, Russia, and Japan were, through jealousy and hatred, on the brink of war or actually engaged in war. There gradually arose a still greater hatred, filled by evil ambitions. Germany drove these nations by hatred and autocratic contempt for others into one another's arms. They not only became allied powers, but they brought with them an alliance of hatred with which Germany must now reckon. These alliances are not merely political or military maneuvers, they are deep-seated, ingrained hatreds as deadly as they are universal. What created these cruel hatreds? They are the outgrowth of social vices and individual sins. Nothing makes man so great a hater as sinful conduct.

Ambition.—A tolerably good definition of modern ambition is to get something that does not rightfully belong to one. The word itself has fallen greatly into disuse in recent years. It is sometimes referred to as the sin by which the angels fell. But the old spirit of ambition is still present, clothed in modern raiment. Nowadays we speak more of ideals, purposes, aims, etc., in life. We are less satisfied with a humble station in which we may be useful. Utility is an old style brand that makes our wares hard to sell. People are not so much concerned about what useful thing they are doing as they are about the place they occupy—a standing. They foolishly imagine that a standing lifts them out of obscurity. To get a standing they must jostle and crowd one another. Then ambition begins its ignoble ascent. There is plenty of vacant space in this world, but nations and individuals would sooner step on some one's toes than move aside. Such a treading process sooner or later ends in conflict, with its growing hatreds.

Pride.—Pride, the insidious poison of the imagination, has blinded the world to the calamities awaiting it. The nations are boasting of their glories, all the while ignoring the fundamental virtues which make endurance and growth possible. Some Germans talk of the superman as superior to God. Why not? God to them is the combined effect of the forces of nature. Man is bringing these forces, and therefore God, more and more under his command. But the Germans act out the arrogant insolence of their pride more than they speak it. Let the traveler stop to think. Did he ever witness in any other country of Europe such a display of vain pride as the Prussian officers manifest on the streets of Berlin? Yet the whole world is filled with pride. It is not a national characteristic. However, in Germany, vain boastings helped to bring on a war.

Vice.—The self-satisfaction of pride leads people to exclaim, "Why not let good enough alone?" The old contention to support royalty, that "the king can do no wrong," has its counterpart in the masses who vainly imagine they "can do no wrong." If the false assumption cost monarchy its throne, it will be none the less dangerous to the whole of mankind. Our boastful "crowning age of glory" is not working out to our satisfaction. We are compelled to stop by the great highways of life to witness the possible baseness of human nature. No, not human nature, depraved nature. Men are no fairer to their fellow-men than they are to their God. If God is excluded from the counsels of the nations, his mercy and love will not be felt in the conduct of men. Vice begins in the heart, or with the motives, if you prefer, and answers the call of self-indulgence. The prosperity of the times, a luxurious age, is more than man can endure. It not only satisfies old appetites, but it creates new ones. Our impatience with every form of restraint gives evidence of the decadence of the times.

Luxury.—We speak of our luxuries as if they were the special favors of God. We even measure our success by them. Luxuries are not only evidence of our national decline, they are potent causes of the domestic struggles awaiting us. Awaiting us? War is only one phase of the great break-up. The glare of the heavens reveals the sorrows of revolutions and anarchy to come. There is going on in the world today the growth of a class hatred that stifles every hopeful breath. The cleavage between the rich and the poor is not only wider, but is deeper. To this pronounced danger to the security of our social institutions the newspapers in their social columns are lending the most efficient aid. They picture the display of wealth and its wicked extravagance. They write up "my lady's \$25,000 cat house." Banquets in honor of favorite dogs are pictured by artists in glowing colors. Wealth not only seeks but demands display. To outdo, to outshine, is the motto of the age. Fortunately, all of the poor do not read these human follies depicted in our newspapers. The submerged nine-tenths are not told of them, and poverty, disappointment and reverses make the contrast all the more difficult to bear. Such a condition of life simply amasses a hatred which awaits only a spark of hunger to touch off. Neither this country nor Europe could endure a famine; law and social order would be cast to the winds.

Idleness.—Idleness is the mother of discontent, whether it be the idleness of the poor or the idleness of the rich. Idleness has become fashionable in all kinds of amusements. It is a pleasure-seeking age, but it will be a calamity-finding age. And who is to blame for these dangers which threaten our existence? These evil forces are the companions of our higher civilization. They are sweeping on with an irresistible power of destruction. Is it fate? No. We have simply allowed the momentum to get beyond our control. Like ancient Israel, we can at most simply "wait upon the Lord" who "hath spoken in the righteousness of his anger." Why speak of the inevitable? Why dwell upon the sorrows that await mankind? In them we have a duty to perform. A period of reconstruction will follow. Men in sorrow and contrition will listen. God will deliver them a message, as he has delivered messages in the past.

Infidelity.—Can even a democracy, if Godless, exist? Infidelity is more than a simple disbelief in God and in religious institutions. If history is pronounced upon any one question, it is the companionship of infidelity and vice. It was so in ancient Greece and Rome when pagan gods were overthrown. In the French revolution the unity of the two forces was very marked. Deny it as man may, it is characteristic of men to throw off responsibility with the profession of infidelity. Can justice be reached through purely intellectual processes. Without religion conscience is merely an intellectual quality. When President Wilson declared that "the world must be made safe for democracy," the Governor of Massachusetts added that "democracy must also be made safe for the world." The safety of democracy has been taken too much for granted. There have been unsafe democracies, democracies which have fallen into decay. They are not invulnerable, not incorruptible. Some years ago when Herbert Spencer visited the United States, he was asked if he did not think education would correct certain flagrant evils in our great commonwealth. He immediately answered, "No. It is a question of morals and not education." Morals are more pronounced in religion than in any other social function of life. Religion and morals are today interdependent in all civilized nations. The growing indifference to religious life throughout the civilized world portend no good to our present social and political institutions, whose endurance has already been thrown into the balance of our changing civilization. Is not all this merely pessimism? I wish it were; and yet, if the decadent old is to be supplanted by a better and holier new, why should we not be optimistic about divine purposes?

We err if we imagine that war is making the world better and is therefore the end of the old and the beginning of the new. It simply emphasizes the evils which brought it on. Internal revolutions, which have already begun to becloud the horizon of our present civilized condition, warn us that there is going to be a general overthrow, and we need not be surprised to discover about us the *debris* of the past.

A Call to Repentance.—For more than eighty years the elders of the Church have been calling the world to repentance, and obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and declaring the coming of such calamities as are now visiting the earth. To escape such a visitation the Saints are required to gather to the Zion of God—the pure in heart. A prophecy of Joseph Smith, in 1831, reads:

“For after today cometh the burning; this is spoken after the manner of the Lord; for verily I say, that all the proud and they that do wickedly shall be as stubble; and I will burn them up, for I am the Lord of hosts; and I will not spare any that remain in Babylon.”

III—The World's Leveling Processes

Individualities.—The fact that men enjoy separate and independent agencies, that to every man is given an individuality, presupposes, of course, a striking difference in men's capabilities. Again, men are born into different environments which in themselves offer a multitude of opportunities by which men make progress in the financial and intellectual world. These environments we sometimes call the accidents of birth; but we may never know to what extent the distribution of the spirits of God in this world is the result of divine agency.

Men also move from place to place. They are thrown into different environments by reason of their activities, and these again tell either advantageously or disadvantageously their future welfare. But even where men do not move about from one locality to another so as to change their environments, it often happens that an inrush of population makes a difference in their opportunities. It is easy, therefore, to understand that we are not exclusively the architects of our own fortune, that we are creatures of circumstances, of environment, of birth, as well as creatures of different capabilities.

Luck.—Man is ever prone to figure out causes for certain effects which come under his observation. Whenever it lends color to his superiority, he is quick to discard every reason for his advanced place in the world except that of his sheer ability. Such reasoning, of course, is in a large measure the result of individual pride. But is there, we ask, such a thing as luck? Luck has come to be a rather unsatisfactory word; but if it is said that luck consists of those agencies over which we ourselves have no control, it must be said that there is such a thing as luck,—decidedly so. But it is impossible to say just what chance has to do with the individual fortunes or misfortunes of men. It is true that some have the spirit of foresight; they can see what is likely to happen; they figure on probabilities, and of course take their chances, although they may have been so very careful in their estimates that they really have few chances to take. For example: A man has a small tract of land in a small town, or near a small town. He has no reason in the world to believe that in such a place land values are likely to be very great. His land can be made useful to him in a small way, and he decides to keep it. While he is performing the individual duties of his life, unconscious of what is going on in some great city, a board of directors meets in a distant city, and votes on a railroad policy that is sure to make the town in which the man lives a very populous one. The railroad policy is carried out, thousands of people rush into the place, land values rise rapidly, and the result is a personal fortune for the man

who had nothing whatever to do with the railroad policy which made him rich, and who even knew nothing about it. Was it the man's foresight, or was it a circumstance over which he had no control? Call it a good chance, or call it luck, whichever you care to do, the fact remains that between that man and his neighbor, who formerly were comparatively on equal terms in their material standing, there is constantly arising a great financial inequality.

Rising Values.—As a rule land values, if the land has a certain degree of production in it, are what we might call stable values in ordinary times, but in extraordinary times, rising values. There are those who will remember that in early days the people among the Latter-day Saints were warned against parting with their land. Their attention was called to these rising values which men of wisdom and more perfect insight foresaw, and the people were given an opportunity to take it, which with rare exceptions they threw away.

Thrift.—As men differ in other qualities of life, so they differ in thrift. Some are economical, and have the power and industry to earn much more than others, and the difference in thrift, of course, always creates a difference in wealth. Some of these differences which men enjoy are the results of their superior wisdom, and they therefore reap a rich financial reward for those principles of progress which we call thrift. Indeed, we speak of them as virtues. But all the superior advantages which certain men enjoy in a material way over their fellow men are not advantages which have accrued to them as a result of their wisdom or of their virtues. Many of them have come accidentally, so far as human provision can give us the power to discern. Whatever the causes of these differences may be, in time they often become very painful. They are a source, very often, of great injustice, of sorrow, of human suffering. They entail misery, at times, upon untold generations, and the differences would continue to increase the miseries of humanity, if there were not some leveling process by which they could be destroyed.

Laws of Moses.—When God undertook, through Moses, to establish a national life, he gave laws for correcting the inequalities that produce wrongs to social life. He established the Sabbatical year and the year of Jubilee. Every seventh year men were compelled to forego certain advantages: they were compelled to release slaves whom they had bought; they had to return land which they had obtained. They had to forgive men their debts, and thus, by the frequent application of this law, the wrongs that grew out of the inequalities could not become so intense; frequent corrections made the sufferings much less; and above all, it had a tendency to preserve, in a large degree, the brotherhood of man.

The Law Disregarded.—The law that God gave to ancient Israel was not always respected. In time it was forgotten. Even the book containing it was lost, and the people went on under the wrongs of inequalities until the severer leveling processes were brought upon them. Surrounding nations broke in upon them, robbed them and plundered them, and when such corrections did not suffice, the Israelites were carried away into bondage, and the entire people reduced to a condition of abject servitude. The differences and the wrongs that grew out of them made a new beginning in life necessary. But the leveling processes that come as a result of punishment are so much more terrible; they are so severe, that sometimes whole nations are practically wiped out of existence. To correct the inequalities of conditions in life, war sometimes has its terrible work to do. Revolutions break out, and anarchy prevails. History teaches us that as a rule immorality increases with the increase of inequality—with the divergence between the rich and the poor.

Inequalities Created by War.—Witness the prodigious revenue required

for war and the taxes needed to supply them. Many believe that the rich will be practically taxed out of existence. Will they? Or will they in time be able to shift, by all sorts of contrivances, the burden of taxation upon the general public. Income taxes upon great corporations and monopolies are too often made a part of running expenses, and the public pays the bill. Men easily conceal themselves behind corporations and practice extortions they could not carry on as individuals. Men at the battle fronts may feel the equalizing processes that come through comradeship, but in civil life huge fortunes are created because of war conditions. Those who fight will feel the pinch of finance after the war. The pinch will be severe, and those who suffer will sense keenly the financial differences which others have reaped at their expense. Those who have met the dangers and borne the burden of war in its most dreadful aspects will clamor for some leveling process. Selfishness will obliterate the highest patriotic motives, and men must suffer from unjust discriminations. How much will they suffer? No human means has ever been devised for financial equality. Money will still be an unjust power, so great it may be as to provoke revolutions and create anarchy.

Need of Religion.—Religion must come to the relief of the unfortunate if serious trouble is escaped. To add to the difficulty and danger there will be an army of dependents, many of whom will avoid the divinely-appointed duty of toil. It will be the old condition of unworthy poor and oppressive rich. A revelation in 1831 portrays the unhappy lives of both classes, Doc. and Cov. 56:16, 17.

Anticipation

(A New Year's Poem)

As when the sun upon his westward course
 Tarries a moment to smile upon the earth,—
 The old year takes reluctantly his leave,
 With backward glance, ere dawns the New Year's birth
 In arms of morn.

And he, the new, e'en as the infant child,
 Holds hidden promise that but time can show.
 Shall he whose advent bids man hope anew,
 More stern of visage and more austere grow?
 And like his sire paternal, will he pass
 In war to rest?

Unto the old, a calm farewell we voice.
 Though lessons of the new we yet must scan,
 We welcome him. All hail! the greeting glad;
 Mayhap he brings the priceless gifts to man:
 Peace, brotherhood.

Grace Ingles Frost.



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GONDOLAS ON ZEPPELINS

Each of the German Zeppelins are equipped with at least six gondolas, such as shown in the photo, on which are attached the apparatus for dropping bombs. The gondolas are loaded with a certain quantity of the bombs which are dropped or shot from the tube shown on the side of the craft. The gondola looks a great deal like a miniature submarine, and the work it accomplishes is on the same order as the barbarous endeavors of the U-boats. There is much queer paraphernalia attached to the gondola. The comparison in size between the gondola and the Zeppelin gives an idea of the vast immensity of the "baby killer." Note the man on the ladder leaving the gondola to enter the opening in the monster air craft. The photo shows the L-49, which was brought down while returning from a raid over London. It is lying near Bourbonne-les-Baines, in France.



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VIEW OF THE WHOLE MONSTEF. ZEPPELIN

(680 feet in length)

It was the first great brand new German Zeppelin to be brought down with practically a "whole skin," and was downed by French aviators, in October, 1917. The German commander attempted to destroy his machine when he saw that escape was impossible, but a Frenchman who happened to espy him, ordered him to stop, and enforced his order with a rifle. The small photo shows the huge gas bag lying helpless in a field near Bourbonne-les-Bains. Note the crowd of people who came from miles around to see the huge Zeppelin. The crowd makes only little more than a speck of dark against the sides of the gigantic "baby killer." The Zeppelin is 144 metres from end to end, or 680 feet in length by 75 feet in width. The gas envelope was torn in a few places by the trees as it fell. There are three gondolas on each side as shown in the other picture. Being practically undamaged, the Allies were able to get exact information of the Zeppelin's dimensions, design and working parts—some of Germany's military secrets.

Each Little Hour

I would not know the measure of today,
 Lest blind recusant I
 Should seek to wile some potent hour away
 That test would sanctify.

I would not list the monochord of fate,
 Her votive seer to be,
 Lest I should cringe from duty consummate,
 And chortle to be free.

Of alchemy, to probe, erewhile the end,
 I seek no whit of power—
 Suffice within my microcosm's trend
 To live each little hour.

Bertha A. Kleinman.

Mesa, Ariz.

The Makers of Science

By F.S. Harris, Ph.D., Director Experiment Station, Utah Agricultural College

IV.—Galileo

Galileo Galilei was born in Pisa, Italy, February 18, 1564, while Michael Angelo lay on his death bed. He lived nearly 79 years and died the day Newton was born. Thus he bridged the gap between the lives of the great artist and the great scientist, and was both artist and scientist himself, although it is to his work in science that he owes his fame. He became an eminent philosopher and mathematician but his skill as an experimenter is responsible for most of his contributions to the world's knowledge.

Living as he did at a time when the mediaeval ideas of the powerful Catholic Church retarded all scientific advancement, it was particularly fortunate that he was able to demonstrate by experiment some of the fundamental laws of nature. Previous advocates of the principles he established as facts had been burned at the stake and very little impression had been made by their teachings. After Galileo had made his convincing demonstrations, however, his ideas gained a foothold that even the persecutions of the inquisition could not uproot.

At the age of 17 he was sent to Pisa University where his father insisted that he study medicine in spite of his inclination toward mathematics. His first important discovery was not in the profession chosen by his father but in physics. At Pisa he observed that a pendulum of a given length swings in a definite time regardless of the distance of the swing. He used the principle in counting the pulse beats and later in making a clock. He was more interested in subjects of this kind than in learning the uncertain formula for treating disease, and finally after reading the works of Euclid and Archimedes he lost all interest in medicine. At 26 he was appointed lecturer in mathematics at Pisa.

He was very much taken up with the writings of Bruno and became a convert to the theory of Copernicus which taught that the sun, and not the earth, is the center around which the planets revolve. The teaching of this doctrine caused the death of Bruno in 1600 and led to the relentless persecution of Galileo 30 years later.

Aristotle taught that falling bodies descended at a rate

proportionate to the weight of the body. That is, a rock weighing ten pounds would fall ten times as fast as one weighing one pound. Anyone who questioned this gained the displeasure of the monks. Galileo experimented from the leaning tower of Pisa and found that all bodies fall at the same rate if the friction of the air is eliminated. The announcement of this discovery made him the subject of the most severe criticism. The spirit of the times gave more credit to authority than to experiment, and proof by actual trial could not outweigh the recorded statement of one of the ancients. Through the teaching of his discoveries Galileo became so unpopular at Pisa that he was forced to leave.

In 1592 he accepted a professorship at the University of Padua which was in charge of the senate of Venice. He held this position eighteen years. Soon after going to Padua he invented the thermometer, and later he developed several other instruments that made possible his scientific investigations. After making a study of lenses he invented the telescope in 1609 and somewhat later the microscope. His telescope attracted a great deal of attention. The fact that with its aid vessels at sea could be seen long before they were visible to the naked eye and that any distant object was much clearer, appealed to people. As a result of this invention the senate doubled his salary.

The delight with which his astronomical discoveries were received by the scholars is shown in the following extract of a letter from Kepler:

"I was sitting at home thinking of you, most excellent Galileo, and your letters, when the news was brought me of the discovery of four planets by the help of the double eye-glass. Wachenfels stopped his carriage at my door to tell me, when such a fit of wonder seized me at a report which seemed so absurd, and I was thrown into an agitation at seeing an old dispute between us decided in this way, that between his joy, my colouring, and the laughter of us both, confounded as we were by such a novelty, we were hardly capable, he of speaking, or I of listening."

In order to have more time to devote to his researches Galileo left Padua in 1610 and continued his studies at Florence under the patronage of a wealthy duke. Six years later he was called to Rome by Pope Paul V and forced to deny many of his teachings. At this time he had a friend in Cardinal Barberino who afterward became Pope Urban VIII. Encouraged by the friendship of the new Pope, Galileo continued his studies and teachings; later he wrote a book which he called *Dialogues on the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems*. This presented his teachings in such a clear form that it aroused the ire of the

Cardinals who went to the Pope with a story that he was being made fun of in the book.

Galileo was summoned to Rome and after being subjected to the terrors of the Inquisition was forced to repeat and sign the following statement that had been prepared by seven of the ten Cardinals—three refusing to sign it:

The Abjuration of Galileo

"I, Galileo Galilei, son of the late Vincenzo Galilei, of Florence, aged seventy years, being brought personally to judgment, and kneeling before you Most Eminent and Most Reverend Lords, Cardinals, General Inquisitors of the universal Christian republic against heretical depravity, having before my eyes the Holy Gospels, which I touch with my own hand, swear that I have always believed and now believe, and with the help of God will in future believe, every article which the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Rome holds, teaches, and preaches. But because I have been enjoined by this Holy Office altogether to abandon the false opinion which maintains that the sun is the center and immovable, and forbidden to hold, defend, or teach the said false doctrine in any manner, and after it hath been signified to me that the said doctrine is repugnant with the Holy Scripture, I have written and printed a book, in which I treat of the same doctrine now condemned, and adduce reasons with great force in support of the same, without giving any solution, and therefore have been judged grievously suspected of heresy; that is to say, that I held and believed that the sun is the center of the universe and is immovable, and that the earth is not the center and is movable; willing, therefore, to remove from the minds of your Eminences, and of every Catholic Christian, this vehement suspicion rightfully entertained towards me, with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, I abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies, and generally every other error and sect contrary to the Holy Church; and I swear that I will never more in future say or assert anything verbally or in writing, which may give rise to a similar suspicion of me; but if I shall know any heretic, or any one suspected of heresy, that I will denounce him to this Holy Office, or to the Inquisitor or Ordinary of the place where I may be; I swear, moreover, and promise, that I will fulfil and observe fully, all the penances which have been or shall be laid on me by this Holy Office. But if it shall happen that I violate any of my said promises, oaths, and protestations (which God avert), I subject myself to all the pains and punishments which have been decreed and promulgated by the sacred canons, and other general and particular constitutions, against delinquents of this description. So may God help me, and his Holy Gospels which I touch with my own hands. I, the above-named Galileo Galilei, have abjured, sworn, promised, and bound myself as above and in witness thereof with my own hand have subscribed this present writing of my abjuration, which I have recited word for word. At Rome, in the Convent of Minerva, 22nd June, 1633. I Galileo Galilei, have abjured as above written with my own hand."

Copies of this statement were sent to all the universities for public reading. At Florence, his home town, it was read in the Cathedral, all his friends and adherents being summoned to hear it.

He was kept in bondage practically the rest of his life. After a short imprisonment in Rome he was sent to Sienna and later to Arcetri, but was never allowed to return to Florence.

He was told not to go out of the house and not to receive visitors, on penalty of being sent back to Rome and cast into prison.

Broken in spirit and health and lonely, he gradually became blind, but in this affliction he showed his usual humility and resignation to the will of God. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "Alas! your dear friend and servant is totally blind. Henceforth this heaven, this universe, which by wonderful observations I had enlarged a hundred and a thousand times beyond the conception of former ages, is shrunk for me into the narrow space which I myself fill in it. So please God; it shall therefore please me also."

After his blindness came on he was allowed the help of some of his old students and was permitted to receive visitors who might get permission from a Jesuit supervisor. Among his visitors at this time was the poet John Milton, at that time only 29 years old. This visit to the blind scholar of Italy was alluded to by Milton in his masterpiece written after he himself became blind.

In spite of all his persecutions for teaching the principles he had so completely demonstrated to be true, Galileo held fast to his belief in God till the end, and he never questioned the authority of the Pope. He could nevertheless see that even the Pope could not by a decree change the nature of truth. He says: "In these and other positions certainly no man doubts but His Holiness the Pope hath always and absolute power of admitting or condemning them; but it is not in any creature to make them to be true or false, or otherwise than of their own nature and in fact they are."

How similar is the latter part of this statement to one made in modern times, also under the stress of persecution for the sake of truth:

"Then say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first,
For the limits of time it steps o'er,
Though the heavens depart, and the earth's fountains burst,
Truth, the sum of existence, will weather the worst,
Eternal, unchanged, evermore."

A Question to Young Men

Are You Attending College or High School this Winter?

By Dr. George H. Brimhall, President of the Brigham Young University

"A man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge."—Joseph Smith.

"A free people must be an intelligent people."—Henry Clay.

"A right conception of patriotism should induce all students who cannot render some immediate service of great value to remain in college, concentrate their energies on their college work, and thus be all the more ready and fit when their services may be needed either for war or for the important work of reconstruction and development in our own and other countries, when the war shall have ended."—Dr. P. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

The number of students in colleges, universities, and technical schools should increase rather than diminish. Many of the older and upper class men will volunteer for some branch of the military service, but all young men below the age of liability to selective draft and those not recommended for special service should be urged to remain and take full advantage of the opportunities offered by the colleges, universities and technical schools, to the end that they may be able to render the most effective service in the later years of the war and the times of need that will follow. Practically all women students should remain, and all boys and girls graduating from high schools should be urged to enter college, technical school, or normal school.

"When the war is over, whether within a few months or after many years, there will be such demands upon this country for men and women of scientific knowledge, technical skill, and general culture as have never before come to any country. The world must be rebuilt. This country must play a far more important part than it has in the past in agriculture, manufacturing and commerce, and also in the things of cultural life—art, literature, music, scientific discovery."—Dr. P. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold."—Isa. 13:12.

What does this prophecy mean? Is its fulfilment at hand? Does it mean that there will be a woeful scarcity of men as individuals, or does it mean that manhood, physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, combined in the individual, will be regarded as above price and be sought for before all other things?

Possibly it means both. How long does it take divinity, nature, and society working together to produce a mortal man? How long does it take to destroy one? How much does it cost to make a teacher, a statesman, an engineer, a mining expert, a skilled surgeon, an efficient farmer, or mechanic? How long

does it take to produce a wizard of science, a magician of art, or a giant of finance?

The sorrow of the silence that will follow the calling of a name at the front will be but once, but the painfulness of the presence of the vacant chair at home will be of long duration. The weakening of the ranks in the army by the fall of a hero may be remedied by the rush of a new recruit to fill the place; but the waiting desk, the forum, the farm, the work bench, each will be calling for men, and there will be no reserve on which to call.

Bravely have our young men gone to the front, placing their lives on the altar of freedom; courageously have those at home toiled as never before for one great purpose—the preservation of humanity from the mad rush of despotic destruction.

It is the season when the soil shall slumber, the rivers be locked in ice, but the blood of the patriot will surge at high tide. Young men of Utah, there are high places waiting for that man coming towards each of you, a little older than you. *His name is your name.* What he shall be and do will depend upon what you do this winter. If you use your brain for the next few months as you have used your brawn for the last few months, he, the man coming towards you, will greet you with a smile of satisfaction, a look of exultation, and a grip of gratitude. He will say to you:

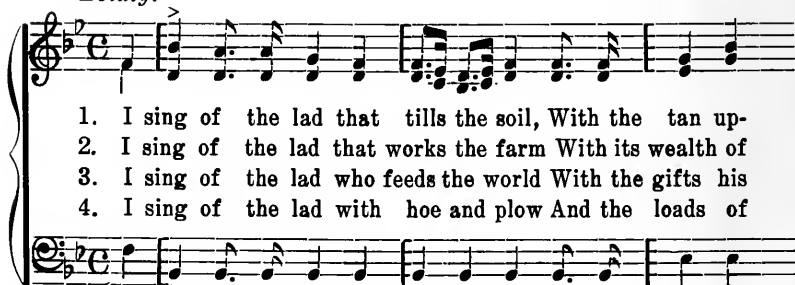
I am so glad you did it. Had you let that winter slide by, or used it for temporary profit, or in any way than just as you did, I should have come to you too small for the place to be filled. You were in the field of opportunity, I was just approaching it. You picked the apples of opportunity that I might eat them. You planted that I might harvest. You plodded that I might make speed. You studied that I might know. You practiced that I might be skillful. You were honest that I might be trusted. Here we are. You are I, and I am you.

Read, young man, read again the quotations at the head of this article. Study the announcement of the complete courses, high school and college. Elect your work; then, up and at it for the sake of the man you must meet. Remember, what he shall be, what he shall do, and what he shall have, depends upon you *now, now, now!*
Provo, Utah

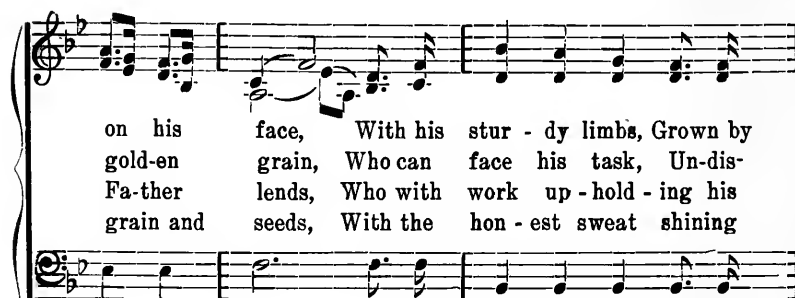
The Farmer Boy

EVAN STEPHENS

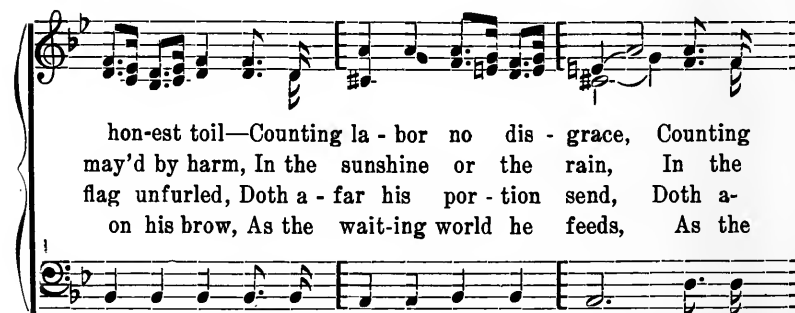
Boldly.



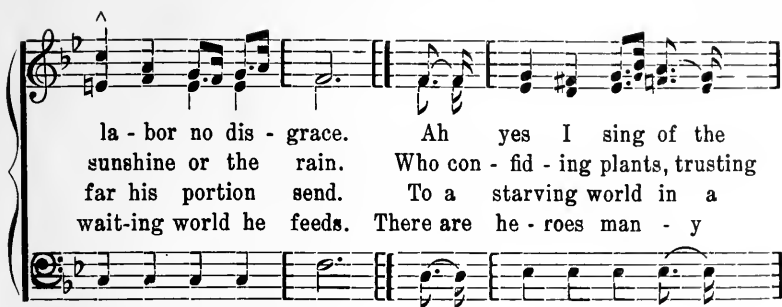
1. I sing of the lad that tills the soil, With the tan up-
 2. I sing of the lad that works the farm With its wealth of
 3. I sing of the lad who feeds the world With the gifts his
 4. I sing of the lad with hoe and plow And the loads of



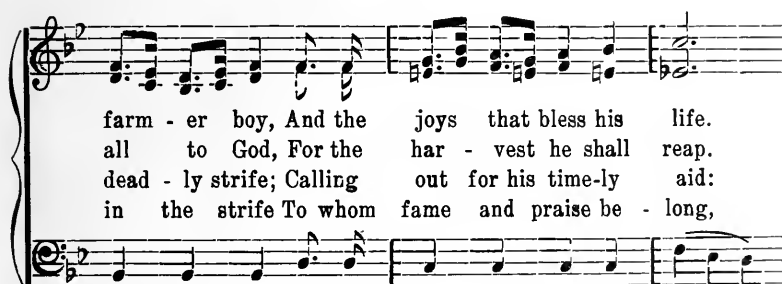
on his face, With his stur - dy limbs, Grown by
 gold-en grain, Who can face his task, Un-dis-
 Fa-ther lends, Who with work up - hold - ing his
 grain and seeds, With the hon - est sweat shining



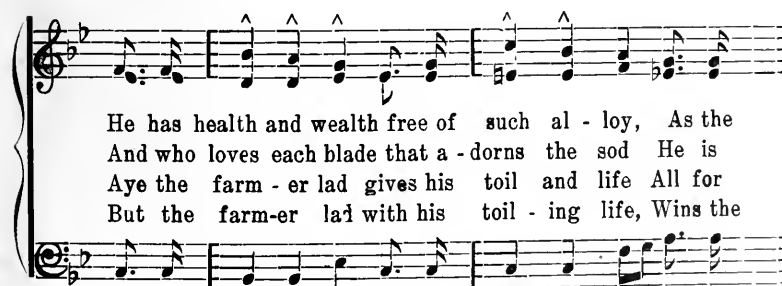
hon-est toil—Counting la - bor no dis - grace, Counting
 may'd by harm, In the sunshine or the rain, In the
 flag unfurled, Doth a - far his por - tion send, Doth a-
 on his brow, As the wait-ing world he feeds, As the



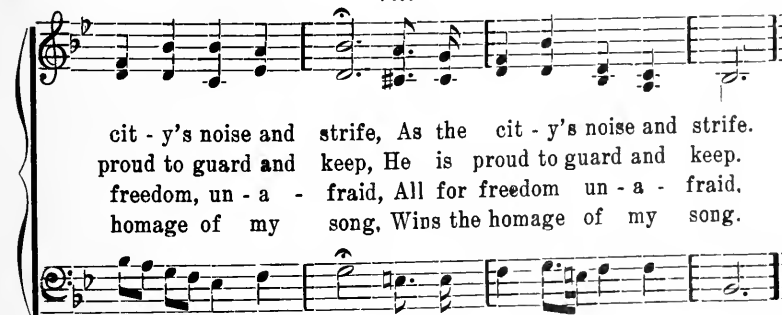
la - bor no dis - grace. Ah yes I sing of the
sunshine or the rain. Who con - fid - ing plants, trusting
far his portion send. To a starving world in a
wait-ing world he feeds. There are he - roes man - y



farm - er boy, And the joys that bless his life.
all to God, For the har - vest he shall reap.
dead - ly strife; Calling out for his time-ly aid:
in the strife To whom fame and praise be - long,



He has health and wealth free of such al - loy, As the
And who loves each blade that a - dorns the sod He is
Aye the farm - er lad gives his toil and life All for
But the farm-er lad with his toil - ing life, Wins the

rit.


cit - y's noise and strife, As the cit - y's noise and strife.
proud to guard and keep, He is proud to guard and keep.
freedom, un - a - fraid, All for freedom un - a - fraid,
homage of my song, Wins the homage of my song.



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LIEUT. GEN. JULIAN BYNG

Lieut. Gen. Sir Julian Byng, K. C. B., who, under the supreme command of Gen. Haig, commands the British forces on a part of the western front in France, who broke through the Hindenburg line to a depth of five miles along thirty-two miles of the old Somme front. The attack was begun without artillery preparation and the Germans were taken completely by surprise. The British infantry and tanks have pressed on and captured the second system of German defenses. The new drive stretches from St. Quentin to the Scarps. He later attacked Cambrai from before which he made a strategical retirement from an "awkward position" on the salient between Noyelles-sur-l'Escant and Bourbon Wood. Lieutenant Byng commands the

Canadian corps. He is the seventh son of the Earl of Stratford, and joined the army thirty-four years ago. On the outbreak of the war he was made commander of the Third Cavalry Division. Later he was given command of the Cavalry Corps and then of the Ninth Army Corps. He has achieved great success in handling the Canadian troops, who are often called "Byng Boys."

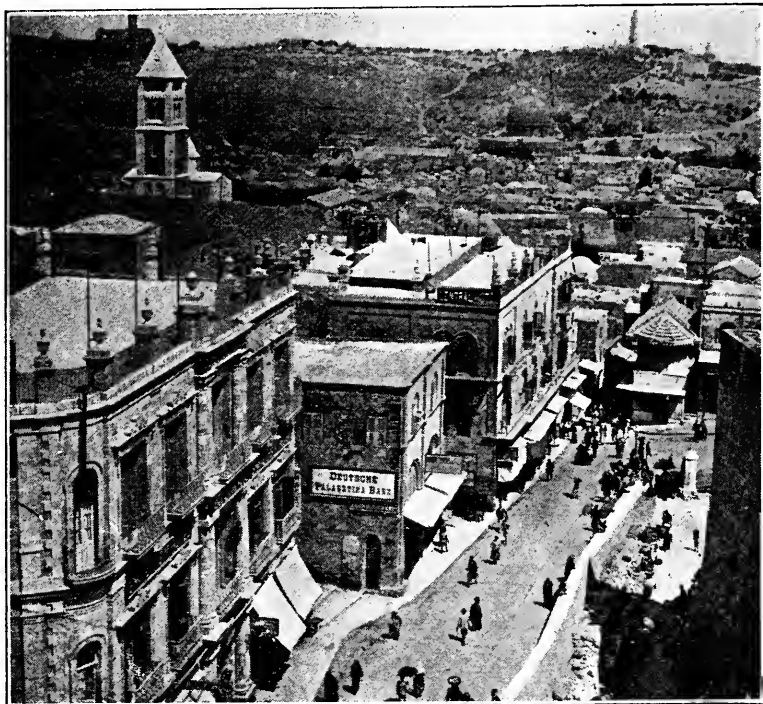
The Germans, about the middle of December, were massing fresh troops from the Russian front to attack the English and French.

The "Truth," a New Mission Pamphlet

Raymond W. Peck, Muncie, Indiana, Nov. 4: "Gratifying success is attending our efforts. We have many earnest investigators, so many that we can scarcely find time to visit them all. The Relief Society organization, which has been incomplete for some time, has been reorganized and is doing excellent work. The new mission pamphlet entitled *Truth* has touched the hearts of many and opened their eyes to the real beauty of the doctrine of "Mormonism." One lady who was not at home when the missionaries called, but received the pamphlet later, was so eager for more that she wrote to the mission office for information. She said, upon our visiting her, "the message is one that brings satisfaction and peace to the soul." The time is at hand, we feel, when more people will listen to our message than ever before. We read the *Era* with great interest. It keeps us abreast of the progress in Zion, and allows us to share the joys and



thoughts of others. The group represents the elders and missionaries laboring in the city of Muncie. Back row, left to right: Amelia Randall, Centerville; Ruby Fisher, Salt Lake City; front: Wallace Johnson, Tooele; Lorenzo J. Ward, Iona, Idaho; Raymond W. Pack, Baker, Oregon.



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THE HEART OF JERUSALEM

A recent photograph of the heart of the City of Jerusalem, which surrendered to the British forces on Dec. 9, 1917.

This photograph was made from the famous Tower of David, at the Jaffa gate, giving an eastward view of the center of the city. In the background can be seen the Mount of Olives, crowned by a modern Russian tower. Directly in the center is the Dome of the Rock, or the "Mosque of Omar," the site of Solomon's Temple. It covers the traditional rock where Abraham made ready his offering and David built his altar. Directly in back of it is the Garden of Gethsemane. The new pointed tower at the left belongs to the church of St. John, the headquarters of the Knights of St. John during the Crusades, and now the property of the German government. Winding up the Mount of Olives are seen the three narrow paths that lead to Bethany. In the immediate foreground is the business center and the principal street. On the left side of the street is the Deutsche Palestina Bank and alongside that the Central Hotel, well known to all tourists.

JERUSALEM

DEC. 9, 1917

"A white flag announced the surrender of the Holy City"

High o'er Jerusalem a flag of white

Displaced the Moslem's crescent and the star;
Once more for Christ the gift of Britain's might,
The Holy City, prey of endless war.

From those far days when David was its king

Its stones have echoed to the trumpet calls;
The passing years but came new foes to bring,
And countless hosts have battered at its walls.

There the Assyrian sword did bloody work;

The cruel Persians through its gateway swept;
The Greek and Roman, Arab and the Turk;
The rule of Babylon its daughters wept.

Thou who didst suffer there upon the tree,

Still for Thy reign of Love our Hope shall be!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE

Religion of Daily Life

A Practical Test

By Dr. James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul—we believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.—Articles of Faith, No. 13.

In this brief statement the Latter-day Saints proclaim the practical character of their religion—a religion that embraces not alone definite conceptions of spiritual matters, and belief as to conditions in the hereafter, doctrines of original sin and the actuality of heaven and hell, but also and more particularly of present, current, every-day duties, in which self-respect, love for fellow-men, and devotion to God are the guiding principles.

Religion without personal morality, professions of godliness without charity, church membership without consistent conduct in the common affairs of life are but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals—noise without music, the words of prayers without the spirit.

“If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man’s religion is vain. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world” (James 1:26, 27).

Religion Put to the Test

A good test of a man’s religion is its utility. Religious profession used as a cloak—and that too often reserved for Sunday wear, hiding in part the shabby rags of sin—is but sacrilege. In any attempt to analyze a religious system or creed it is pertinent to examine the results of its operation in the lives of its adherents. This is as simple and fair as to judge a tree by the quality of its substance and fruit. Altruism is an essential ingredient of a religion that is worth while.

“If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this command-

ment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also" (I John 4:20, 21).

Missionary Service

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints invites attention to its work of unselfish, practical, unremitting benevolence. In missionary service the Church has been active since the date of its organization; and this systematic labor, because of its extent and unique methods, has attracted attention and stimulated comment in practically all nations of the earth. Actuated by a genuine love for humanity and the desire to obey the Divine command respecting such, the Church sends out every year hundreds of missionaries to proclaim its message to the world. These devoted servants comprise men and women called from all vocations, who serve without salary or any other form of material remuneration. Furthermore, they pay their own way in traveling to their appointed fields of labor and while serving therein, except so far as they may receive assistance from those who become interested in their work.

A desire common to young Latter-day Saints is to so live that they shall be found worthy to be called into service to spend a period of years, generally from two to four, as traveling ministers of the gospel of Christ. They offer their message without money or price, carrying it to the doors in city and country, distributing literature, inviting conversation, but never forcing themselves upon unwilling hearers. Who can consistently affirm that such faithful servants as these are insincere or devoid of that love for fellow-men without which genuine love of God is impossible?

The Relief Society

The benevolence that manifests itself in material giving is impressed as a duty upon members of the Church, and while every one is taught to assist the needy by individual effort, a system of orderly contribution and distribution is maintained. In each ward and branch of the Church an organization of women known as the Relief Society is operative. Its particular function is that of caring for the needy and the afflicted, without exclusive distinction as to whether the subjects of their ministrations are members of the Church or not. The Relief Society receives contributions of money, clothing, food and other commodities and distributes these as occasion requires, beside maintaining a system of visitation to the needy, giving aid in nursing, comfort in bereavement, and relief from distress in every way possible.

Fasting and Prayer

The Church teaches the efficacy of prudent fasting, moderate

abstinence from food at stated times, as an accessory to prayer; and the first Sunday of each month is observed as a fast-day. On that day the people are invited to meet for special devotional service, and by common consent and custom they contribute at least the equivalent of the meals omitted through the fasting of the family. These offerings are received by the local officers, and are distributed under their direction to the worthy poor. If there be a surplus in any ward it is applied to the needs of other wards in which the proportion of dependent poor is greater.

By these and other methods, including the tithing system to be considered later, are the Latter-day Saints taught to give of their substance for worthy purposes, and in such a way as to avoid indiscriminate charity whereby perchance unworthy dependency would be fostered. We believe that the harmony of our prayers will become a discord if the cry of the deserving poor accompany our supplications to the throne of Grace.

Missionaries of the New Haven Conference

Left to right, top row: Clarence B. Stewart, Mary I. Ingles, Amund Levorsen, John Lamborn, La Verde Evans, Cecil Baker, Willard O. Andrus, C. E. McCombs, Eva Felsted.



Second row: Geo. B. Wynn, Frank J. Gilbert, Emily Caldwell, H. D. Maughan, retiring conference president, Millie Tuller, L. W. Jeffery, incoming conference president, W. Russell Tanner.

Front row: L. G. Alvord, Verland Beck.

EDITORS' TABLE



The Fall of Jerusalem

Perhaps no event during the great war has so greatly stirred, and it would not be out of way to say pleased, the Christian world, as the fall of Jerusalem. In early December it passed into the hands of the British, with a few soldiers from France, and perhaps some from Italy. Naturally, the first question to be asked is, will the Allies be able to keep the hold they have already gained on that sacred city? The hopeful answer of every Christian believer in the prophecies of the Holy Scriptures is, yes.

But the people who claim to know tell us that it will depend upon three questions: 1. Will the Turkish army be able to drive the English out? 2. Will the war so end as to compel a compromise, by which the city, if the Germans have their way, will be turned back again into the hands of the Turks? This, of course, depends upon who will be the ultimate victors in the great struggle now going on. 3. Will the war be decided by the mere acquisition of territory? There must be a radical defeat, say other experts, of one or the other of the parties to the war, in order to determine how the peace council of the nations shall dispose of Palestine as well as of other countries in possession of both the Entente Allies and the Central Powers. It should be remembered that territory is not the governing factor, that the ultimate question of peace must be a question of final defeat.

One is naturally curious to know what the effect of the fall of Jerusalem will be on the Christian world. There are two classes of Christians intensely interested in the Holy Land. First, the Greek Catholics, comprising the Russians and Greeks of Greece and of Asia Minor; second, the Roman Catholics. The Protestant world is much less interested in Palestine than either of these great Catholic divisions who make yearly their pilgrimages to the Holy Land. Undoubtedly considerable importance will be given to the event in Russia. No doubt thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of Russians feel a special debt of gratitude to Great Britain, and who may pause to ask themselves the question in their religious fervor, whether or not the Lord has not been on the side of the Allies inasmuch as they have been permitted to secure this most sacred land. The incident will have a great effect upon the Russian mind.

There is another question related to it in the Catholic Church. The Catholics have likewise been great lovers of the holy places of Palestine. They, too, have made their sacred pilgrimages thither. That the Catholics of France and Italy and Belgium will rejoice goes without saying. There are many Catholics in Germany who would perhaps prefer to see it, as a matter of patriotism with them, in the hands of their allies, the Turks. But the question presents another aspect with regard to Austria. The Austrians are largely Catholics. All elements except those who are of the Greek persuasion, are of the Roman Catholics. How will they feel about this great religious event? For it is one of religious importance whose solution depends upon the final outcome of peace. And, no doubt, there will be many Austrians who will be glad to be in the hands of Great Britain, as perhaps a second choice; but there will be very many of them who will hope that in the arrangement for peace, the Holy Land may some how or other fall under the control of the Central Powers. The Emperor of Germany has paid special homage to the sacred land by his visit there, a visit which is generally regarded as more political than religious.

With the Jews, it is the more vital question. There is a very strong hope among them that they may sooner or later acquire some governmental hold upon the country of their fathers. Zionists for many years have advocated a republic through colonization in that land. They have hoped that they might retain their Jewish peculiarities and religion in a stricter manner, were Palestine to become again the center for Jewish life and activity. Thousands and thousands of them have no higher ambition than to return to Jerusalem, that they may be buried somewhere on the Mount of Olives within the shadow of the walls of the Holy City.

This thrilling event has aroused great enthusiasm, not only throughout Europe, but also in the United States, and especially in the city of New York, where there are so many Jews gathered on the so-called "East side." They are already speculating in their minds as to the future events of that land. It is to be hoped, and it is believed, that Palestine will continue to be free from the hands of the Turks, and that Jerusalem will be rebuilt and receive something of its ancient glory. The Jews have the disposition and the money to make of it one of the most attractive cities of the world. It would be the center of the new Jewish life, if not of a Jewish republic under the protectorate of some one of the great powers; but which one?

There is none of them that is perhaps so well qualified to take over the control of that country as the United States; and it may be almost certainly predicted, if the war ends in favor of the Allies, which appears to be inevitable, that the United

States will be asked to take over the administration of Palestine. It is the one country that could have positively no selfish ends in view.

As to the view of the Latter-day Saints concerning the present fall of Jerusalem, they look upon it as one of the steps in the foretold gathering of the Jews in the latter days, and as the beginning of the fulfilment of ancient and modern prophecy. The restored gospel of Jesus Christ is to be preached to the gathered Jews, and the Saints are glad to behold the signs of the coming day. Perhaps no plainer exposition of the subject could be given than that contained in one of the revelations, of which there are many on the subject, to the prophet Joseph Smith, in 1831 (Doc. & Cov. 45), concerning Jerusalem and the Jews:

And this I have told you concerning Jerusalem, and when that day shall come, shall a remnant be scattered among all nations;

But they shall be gathered again, but they shall remain until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.

And in that day shall be heard of wars and rumors of wars, and the whole earth shall be in commotion, and men's hearts shall fail them, and they shall say that Christ delayeth his coming until the end of the earth.

And the love of men shall wax cold, and iniquity shall abound;

And when the times of the Gentiles is come in, a light shall break forth among them that sit in darkness, and it shall be the fulness of my gospel.

* * * And in that generation shall the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.

A Message to the Soldiers

The Latter-day Saints protest most earnestly against the efforts of manufacturers and others who seem interested in the matter who ask us to raise money to provide cigarettes and tobacco for soldiers, sailors and Red Cross nurses.

From the beginning the people of our community have strongly condemned the use of tobacco. A revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith, distinctly declares that tobacco is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle; and even in such cases, to be used with judgment and skill. A promise is given that those who refrain from its use and keep the commandments shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones, and shall find "wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures, and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint." A further promise is that the destroying angel shall pass by them and not slay them. Thousands of our boys who are now going to the front therefore have never formed the tobacco habit. For these and other reasons our people as a whole are emphatically opposed to the

raising of money to buy cigarettes and tobacco for the soldiers.

All are urged to help in the conservation campaign, to save food and fuel. Why not save the strength and the manhood of the nation? Cigarettes and tobacco destroy the nerves and the courage, the physical strength and ability, the clearness of mind, of our young men who are unaccustomed to this evil!

Through the generosity(?) of the manufacturers, we are told, this gift plan is made possible. If these people wish to make gifts, why not do it on their own account and charge it up to advertising? They certainly have no right to call upon the community to do it, and particularly in the name of the nation. Their action is an affront to this people, to the teachers of our country, and the genuine patriotism of America.

We are not especially objecting to any man who is accustomed to having his tobacco, continuing to use it, though we are convinced he would be more of a man in every way without it, but every such man can presumably get it. It is criminally unjust to place it as a gift before all who have joined the ranks of the army, many of whom have never used it. It should never be offered to them as a gift. If it should be found by scientific test, that men in the army who use tobacco have a steadier nerve, make the best gunners, and are more reliable than those who do not, it would be time enough to have the government supply the remainder. But this will never be found to be the case! Hence, we protest against indiscriminately sending tobacco gifts to the soldiers.

President Heber J. Grant of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, recently sent to the National Guard of Utah (145th Field Artillery, Camp Kearney), fifteen hundred copies of a little pamphlet published by Henry Ford entitled *The Case Against the Little White Slaver*, which is a clear-cut arraignment of the cigarette. A four-page insert accompanied the pamphlet, containing his personal appeal to the boys, to live clean, pure lives, and requesting them to live up to the standard of morals taught them by the Church and by their parents. His words and the poetic selections accompanying them are meant for all, whether in the National Guard, or in other divisions of the service, and for that reason we reproduce them in full:

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Office of the Council of the Twelve
Heber J. Grant, President

Salt Lake City, Utah, November 13, 1917.

My Dear Brother: I call you brother because we are all God's children. On account of the generosity of Mr. Henry Ford in making a nominal price on 2,000 copies of his *Little White Slaver*, I am able to present you this copy of his most excellent pamphlet against the cigarette.

I am sending the pamphlet and some poems with the sincere hope and earnest prayer that the truths which they contain may sink deep into your heart, and that the knowledge you may gain from them may become a part of your life. "Knowledge without practice is like a glass eye—all for show and nothing for use." Make use of the knowledge you gain from this pamphlet.

Learn the poem "To my Son," by heart, and live by its teachings. I promise you, if you so live that you can "force the proud world to do homage" to your mother, (because of the nobility and cleanliness of your life,) God's blessings shall attend you, and there shall be given to you a peace and joy "which passeth understanding." I believe in our boys and that they will maintain a high standard which will lift all men who follow it.

May our Father's protecting care be with you, is my earnest prayer; and above and beyond this, I pray, with all my heart, that you may be able to so live that when the battle of life is ended there will be a reward awaiting you of life eternal, with the privilege of dwelling forever with our Father in Heaven, our Redeemer, and your loved ones.

With best wishes, I am,

Your friend and brother,

Heber J. Grant.

O, Say, What is Truth?

O, say, what is truth? 'Tis the fairest gem
That the riches of worlds can produce;
And priceless the value of truth will be when
The proud monarch's costliest diadem
Is counted but dross and refuse.

Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the brightest prize
To which mortals or Gods can aspire;
Go search in the depths where it glittering lies,
Or ascend in pursuit to the loftiest skies;
'Tis an aim for the noblest desire.

The sceptre may fall from the despot's grasp
When with winds of stern justice he copes,
But the pillar of truth will endure to the last,
And its firm-rooted bulwarks outstand the rude blast
And the wreck of the fell tyrant's hopes.

Then, say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first,
For the limits of time it steps o'er;
Though the heavens depart, and the earth's fountains burst,
Truth, the sum of existence, will weather the worst,
Eternal, unchanged, evermore.

—*John Jaques.*

True Nobility

Who does his task from day to day
And meets whatever comes his way,
Believing God has willed it so,
Has found real greatness here below.

Who guards his post, no matter where,
Believing God must need him there,
Although but lowly toil it be,
Has risen to nobility.

For great and low there's but one test:
 'Tis that each man shall do his best.
 Who works with all the strength he can
 Shall never die in debt to man.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Let Each Man Learn to Know Himself

Let each man learn to know himself;
 To gain this knowledge, let him labor,
 Improve those failings in himself,
 Which he condemns so in his neighbor.
 How lenient our own faults we view,
 And conscience' voice adeptly smother;
 But oh! how harshly we review
 The self-same errors in another.

And if you meet an erring one
 Whose deeds are blamable or thoughtless,
 Consider, ere you cast the stone,
 If you yourself be pure and faultless.
 Oh! list to that small voice within,
 Whose whisperings oft make men confounded,
 And trumpet not another's sin,
 You'd blush deep if your own were sounded.

And in self-judgment, if you find,
 Your deeds to others are superior;
 To you has Providence been kind,
 As you should be to those inferior;
 Example sheds a genial ray
 Of light, which men are apt to borrow;
 So first, improve yourself today,
 And then improve your friends tomorrow.

To My Son

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such a part,
 That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart?
 None other can pain me as you dear, can do,
 None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame.
 If shadow or stain ever darken your name,
 "Like Mother like son" is a saying so true
 The world will judge largely of Mother by you.

Be yours then the task, if task it should be,
 To force the proud world to do homage to me.
 Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won
 She reaped as she sowed, Lo! this is her son.

—Margaret Johnston Graftin.

Providence is Over All

When dark and drear the skies appear,
 And doubt and dread would thee enthral,
 Look up nor fear, the day is near,
 And Providence is over all.

From heaven above, His light and love,
 God giveth freely when we call.
 Our utmost need is oft decreed,
 And Providence is over all.

With jealous zeal God guards our weal,
 And lifts our wayward thought above;
 When storms assail life's bark so frail,
 We seek the haven of His love.
 And when our eyes transcend the skies
 His gracious purpose is complete,
 No more the night distracts our sight—
 The clouds are all beneath our feet.

The direst woe that mortals know
 Can ne'er the honest heart appall
 Who holds the trust—that God is just,
 And Providence is over all.
 Should foes increase to mar our peace,
 Frustrated all their plans shall fall.
 Our utmost need is oft decreed,
 And Providence is over all.
Emily Hill Woodmansee.

Nobility

True worth is in being, not seeming;
 In doing, each day that goes by,
 Some little good—not in the dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.
 For whatever men say in blindness,
 In spite of the fancies of youth,
 There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.
Alice Cary.

"The Man of Tomorrow"

A new vocational guide designed especially for boys and young men, and for the instruction of vocation counselors of the Y. M. M. I. A., is just off the press. While its telling message is written to young men generally, and not especially to those of any particular locality, it will serve a valuable purpose, both locally and wherever it may be read or circulated.

One of the urgent needs of the time is vocational guidance, because of the fact that only about 25 or 30 per cent of the world's workers are in the right occupation; few men are trained for their work. Fifty per cent of those who work admit that they are in the wrong vocation, and less than half of our young men are said to remain at school until they have completed the eighth grade. The result of this mal-adjustment is discontent, poverty and failure. Hence the need of vocational guidance to direct the youth of the land to success, through

intelligent choice of, and thorough preparation for, their life's work. *The Man of Tomorrow* fills this need.

Mr. Claude Richards, the author, was especially appointed by the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. to write the book, and has spent two or three years of his extra time in performing the labor, having first made a complete study of many of the best works on vocational guidance. As far as we know, it is the first book of the kind written by an author in the intermountain region. The work is especially suitable and adaptable to young men, but is also of value to young women who seek reliable knowledge concerning the selection of, and preparation for, their life's labor. It may also be read with profit by persons who have already found their calling, and by all who are co-operatively interested in our country's youth. The book consists of nearly three hundred pages, richly illustrated and nicely bound. It is especially desirable that every vocation supervisor and counselor in the M. I. A. organization shall study its contents, that he may the better prosecute his work among the young men of the organization, and with necessary efficiency. Price, net \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10. Send to the *Improvement Era*, or the book stores, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Books

Pioneering the West is a new book recently issued from the press of the Skelton Publishing Co., Salt Lake. It consists principally of the diary of Major Howard Egan, a pioneer of 1847. The record extends from Thursday, April 8, 1847, to Tuesday, September 7, 1847, and covers, in very interesting detail, the events of every day between the dates named, and includes the trip from Winter Quarters, now Florence, Nebraska, to Great Salt Lake Valley, also a period with the first settlers in the valley, and a return to Sweetwater. The divisions cover the trip to Salt Lake Valley; the happenings while Major Egan remained in the Valley; the minutes of the noted Pioneer Conference, Sunday, August 22, prior to the return across the plains; and the incidents of the return trip, including the personnel of the company and their meeting the second emigrant train in early September. Major Egan's second trip with his family from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake City is also given in story form. The famous sermon to the original pioneers on the plains, by President Brigham Young, the great leader, on the 29th of May, 1847, is copied in full from William Clayton's diary. Major Egan's trip to California, in '49 and '50, is recorded, with thrilling experiences of frontier life among the Indians, and their traits, civil and savage. For practical, everyday happenings, told in a straightforward, simple and frequently blunt way, this book is an unusual collection of interesting, entertaining and historical annals, many of which add new perspective to pioneer life and occurrences. It places one in an atmosphere of familiarity with the actual life of the first settlers of Utah more nearly than any other published book has ever done. One reason for this is that it consists mainly

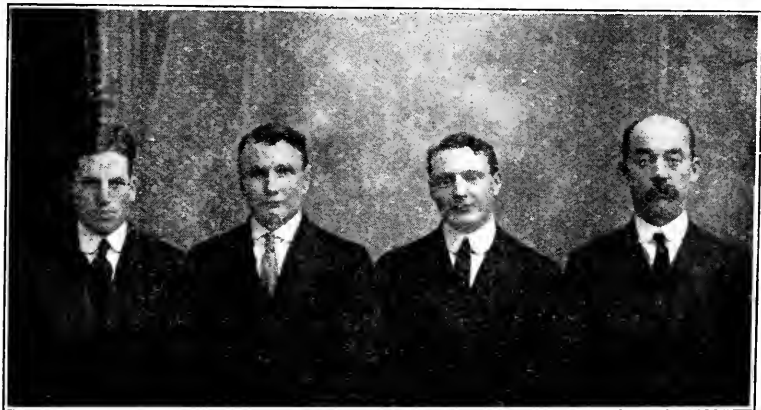
of original notes which have not been over-edited, and which were written on the day when the events happened. Price postpaid, \$1.75.

The Secret of Typewriting Speed, by Margaret B. Owen, the world's champion typist, is a remarkable book on that subject, recently published by Forbes & Company, Chicago. The book covers the whole subject of typewriting. It is designed to make the work of typing easier and speedier, and to enable those who are interested in this very important labor to attain the highest possible efficiency. Miss Owen has three times won the world's typewriting speed championship, and is, therefore, authority on the subject. Price, \$1.

Messages from the Missions

Local Elders Shouldering the Work

President Parley M. Condie, of the Newcastle conference, British Mission, writes, October 23: "The Lord's work is prosperous here, and it gives us exceeding joy to labor for the spread of truth. As the local elders from Zion return home, the local brethren are manfully shouldering the responsibility, and we are pleased to say, our seven branches are still open. The lady missionaries are doing much good, and are a source of great strength to the Saints, as well as contributing towards the salvation of those who are



not Saints. We appreciate the *Era* and use it as a messenger of truth, to those who desire information concerning 'Mormonism.' Elders, left to right: Wm. D. McAllister, Rexburg, Idaho, clerk of the conference; David Bennion, Taylorsville, Utah; Parley M. Condie, Preston, Idaho, president of the conference; George W. Perry, Vernal, Utah. The latter has returned home, having been honorably released from his missionary labors in this land.

President Lambert and His Office Force

Mission secretary C. W. Birkinshaw, of the New Zealand mission, writes from Auckland, July 23, enclosing this photo of the office force of the New Zealand mission. Elders, left to right: Ernest Cutler, James N. Lambert (mission president), C. W. Birkenshaw (mission secretary), Ira R. Morri-



son (outgoing mission secretary). "The work in this particular division of the mission is enjoyed by all who are laboring therein. The office force is located in our new and commodious office building, and they are therefore better able to carry on the increasing amount of work in the mission."

The Gospel to the Mexicans

This group picture of most of the missionaries of the San Luis conference, of the Western States mission, was taken on October 28, at Albuquerque, where the conference was held. The elders are laboring mostly among the Spanish speaking people in Southern Colorado and New Mexico, under the direction of President Rey L. Pratt. The labor is done ex-



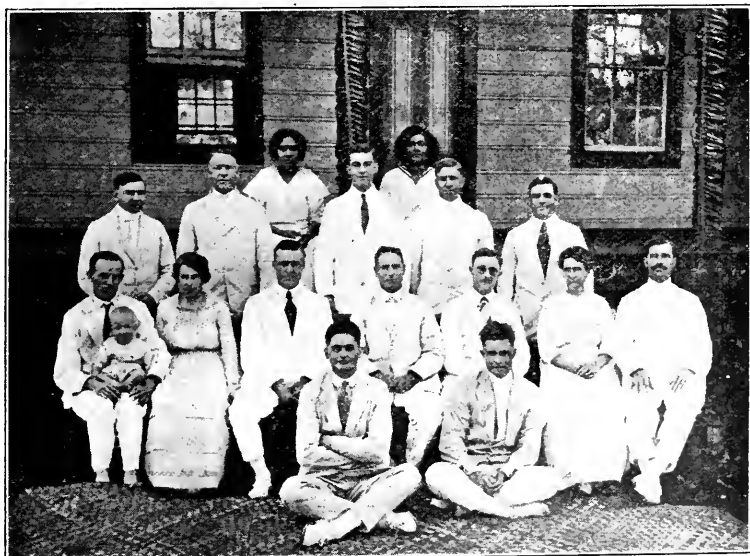
clusively among the Mexican people, and the elders are doing country work throughout the summer and late fall. They have had splendid success, and some remarkable experiences. The names of the elders are, top row, left

to right: LeRoy L. Jensen, Wilford M. Farnsworth, Omer Bundy, Edward R. Gibbons, Jas. E. Barnes. Middle row: Frank E. Call, John L. Herrick, mission president, Rey L. Pratt, president San Luis conference, Alma Walser, John W. Spencer. Sitting: Abel B. Paez, Wilford B. Ivie, John A. Allred, Milo E. Ray and Alvah Fenn.

The Latter-day Saints a Live, Energetic Force

Apia, Samoa, Nov. 7, 1917.—The following is a picture of the Upolu elders and sisters of the Samoan mission, taken during conference held at Pesega, October 6 and 7 last. Front row, left to right: H. K. Holbrook, Clifford Nuttall. First row: C. W. Smedley and child, Sister C. W. Smedley, Conference President Wm. O. Lee, Mission President E. Wright, Ray G. Wood, Sister K. C. Sessions, K. C. Sessions. Second row: H. O. Anderson, Frank A. Rose, J. L. Johnson, G. H. Hale, W. T. Mackay. Sitting in rear: Moli-mau and Mema, house-maids.

This was the second time since President Wright came to the mission that conference had been held in Pesega. Our branch here lies near Apia and is in the most thickly populated district of the islands. Due to this fact our meetings were all well attended, many visitors being present. In fact, at the Saturday evening school's entertainment the meetinghouse proved far from adequate in accommodating the crowds, so it became necessary to adjourn to the lawn outside. It was estimated that over a thousand people



witnessed the program. The crowds were well pleased with the school children and were especially surprised at our Sauniatu band, which was pronounced the best of its kind in the islands. Samoa is realizing more and more that the Latter-day Saints are a real live, energetic force for good among the people, both native and white. For the last year President Wright has been printing tracts by the thousands, this phase of the work being particularly emphasized. Today its results are beginning to show themselves. The president is determined that everyone shall at least have the opportunity to hear the gospel. Whether they accept it or not lies between them and their God. He feels that as missionaries we shall have accomplished our duty in bringing the truth unto them.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

Priesthood Quorums' Study, 1918

The Presiding Bishopric, under date of December 20, 1917, has sent the following letter to bishops throughout the Church:

Dear Brethren: We will soon send you by parcel post the allotment of class books for your Lesser Priesthood quorums. The title of the books for the various classes are as follows:

For the Priests, *The Restoration*, by Widtsoe; *The Great Apostasy*, by Talmage; for the Teachers, *Life of Christ*, lessons based on the New Testament. For the Deacons, *The Latter-day Prophet*, a study based on a book of the same title, by President George Q. Cannon.

These books may come to you in different packages and perhaps not at the same time, but bills will be sent to you direct from the *Improvement Era* office, 21 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, and you will please make all remittances to that office.

There are two books for the Priests. *The Great Apostasy* is a supplementary work to be read preferably prior to or in connection with the study of the regular text book, *The Restoration*.

The text book for the Melchizedek Priesthood, High Priests, Seventy and Elders, will deal with social and economic problems. This book will not be ready on January 1st, owing to unforeseen difficulties in preparation and printing; but as soon as it is ready for distribution, you will be informed and allotment will be sent to your classes. In the meantime, the first three lessons will appear in the January number of the *Era*. We believe there are enough copies of the *Era* in your ward to supply the classes until the book may reach you, if not, extra subscriptions may be obtained beginning with the January number. The class will thus be able to go on with the lessons without any interruption until the book is received.

If you need more copies of the outlines or books, they may be obtained from the *Improvement Era* office, 21 Bishop's building, Salt Lake City.

Wishing you success in your Priesthood work as well as in all your labors in the Gospel, we are

Your brethren in the Gospel,

Rudger Clawson,

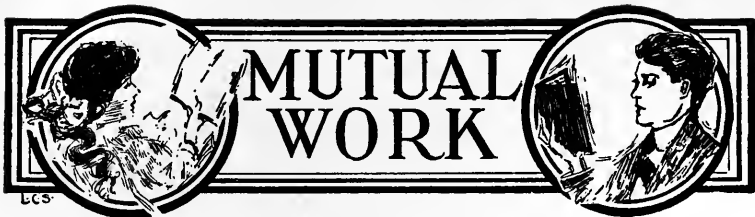
Chairman Committee on Courses of Study,
for the Priesthood Quorums.

Notes

Return your M. I. A. Senior Manuals to the *Era* office now, if you have more than you need. Please do not wait till May when we can not use them.

Stories are wanted. Send your short stories to the *Era* for the February 5 contest. We pay \$25 for the first and \$12.50 for the second selection from the stories received on or before the 5th of each month up to May.

Fire in the Logan temple, December 4, 1917, badly damaged that beautiful building. The loss to the furnishings and decorations will aggregate about \$80,000. The fire started in the electric cabinet. Repairs were immediately begun, but work in the ordinances will be delayed for the winter.



“The Man of Tomorrow”

To Stake Superintendents, Vocational Supervisors, and Counselors:

Dear Brethren:—Here is something definite to do. This is what you have wanted and what you have needed for a long time. It is true we have had something definite for the senior boys. Fortunately for us, the senior manual at different times, has dealt with phases of vocational work, but something more is needed, and here it is: We recommend and urge that you follow this plan for vocational work during the present year.

1. Complete the Organizations.

(a) For the Stake Superintendent to do. Appoint a stake vocational supervisor, if this has not already been done.

(b) For the Stake Superintendent and the Stake Vocational Supervisor to do. Appoint a ward vocational counselor in each ward where not already appointed.

2. Secure the Book, “The Man of Tomorrow.”

For the Ward Vocational Counselor to do. Study the book with a view of teaching it to the boys. This book has been written for the young men of the Church in the hope that it will help them to win vocational success. It is for the vocational counselor to bring the boy and the book together. The book will never help the boy unless it reaches him.

3. Organize Vocational Groups.

For the Ward Vocational Counselor to do. Organize all the junior and sub-junior boys in your ward into groups to study the book, *The Man of Tomorrow*. These groups should not interfere with the regular Mutual class work. Arrange for the best time available. Suggestions: An hour immediately preceding regular sessions of Mutual. Start these groups at once and see that each boy obtains a book as soon as possible. Cover the ground thoroughly, making sure that every boy gets the message of every chapter. Part IV, excepting possibly the last chapter, “Characteristics of a Good Vocation,” may be omitted with the sub-junior boys. Report to the Committee on Vocations and Industries.

4. Do Active Work with the Seniors.

For the Ward Vocational Counselor to do. The vocation counselor should see that every young man of proper age in his ward attends the Senior class. This is a splendid opportunity for the Senior boys to receive a course in vocational guidance. The counselor also should be in attendance and co-operate with the class leader.

The Man of Tomorrow, price \$1.00 net, postpaid \$1.10, was ready for distribution about December 15, 1917. Send your orders to the *Improvement Era*, Bishop’s Building, Salt Lake City.

The M. I. A. stands for opportunity—First, to officers; second, to boys. The doors are open wide, but unless the officers lead the way, the boys cannot enter. *We must do our part.*

May the Lord bless you. We are glad to be your co-workers,

The Committee on Vocations and Industries.

Moroni, Snow, General Secretary.

M. I. A. Activities

Scoring in Small Associations

A readjustment has been thought advisable in M. I. A. Scoring activities since small associations in many cases appear to be unable to score the number of points required for the three colors. Hereafter there will be two classes of wards: one class having a Church population under 500 members, and the other, a population of 500 and over.

Wards having a Church population under 500 may win the colors, as provided, by scoring 100 points for the Red color, 300 points for the red and white colors, and 500 points for the red, white and blue colors, instead of 300, 500 and 700 points as heretofore.

Wards having a Church population of 500 and over, win the colors as heretofore—300 points for the red color, 500 points for the red and white colors; and 700 points for the red, white and blue colors. Population of wards for the year 1917 will govern, and may be obtained from ward clerks.

All other rules remain the same as published in the Convention circular.

Social Work

The General Secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A. has sent the following questions to stake superintendents, calling attention to a circular, "Instructions on Social Work," which was sent to all priesthood and auxiliary authorities last spring, under the direction of the First Presidency:

The General Board now desire to know concerning the effects which the adoption of its instructions has had in the various stakes in the matter of social work, and ask the superintendents to answer the following questions:

First. Are the general social committees representing the priesthood and all the auxiliary organizations, complete in your stake and in each ward thereof?

Second. What is the M. I. A. organization doing in co-operating with the Stake Presidency, the ward bishops, and the social committees, in carrying out the circular instructions?

Third. What improvements are noticeable in the stake and wards from putting into effect the plan outlined in the circular?

Superintendents are asked to forward promptly the answers, in cases where this has not already been done.

Ensign Stake Activities

The *Speedometer*, organ of the Mutual Improvement Associations of Ensign stake, comes to the *Era* again, brim full of information concerning the activities in that stake—among them a calendar for the month, the preliminary program, and an announcement of the grand "Social Military Encampment," held on the 5th of December, in Whitney Hall. The stake pennant for October was won by the Eleventh ward. In the stake activities contest, the highest award was given to the Eleventh and the Twenty-first wards, the red and white to the Twentieth ward, and the red to the Twenty-seventh, Twelfth-Thirteenth, Ensign and Eighteenth wards.

At Camp Lewis, Washington, several Y. M. M. I. Associations were recently organized by Melvin J. Ballard, president of the Northwestern states mission. Some ten associations were officered with a membership of from 150 to 250 there being 2,500 "Mormon" boys in camp from Utah and Idaho. The classes are studying Dr. Widtsoe's *Rational Theology*.

Ethics of the Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 10—Ethics of Industry (Physical)

The habit of industry is one of the ethical virtues. An ethical virtue is ethics transmuted by application into character. One's character is the sum total of his habits.

A person who works only when compelled is lacking the virtue of industry. He has the habit of never doing today what can be put off until tomorrow. He is automatic in deferring duty; any other course with him is the exception. The one in whom industry has become a virtue is automatic in aimful efforts. Any other course with him is the exception; putting off is accidental. When industry becomes a virtue man enjoys his work.

Work—A Song of Triumph.

“Work!

Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the soul and the brain on fire.
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

“Work!

Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

“Work!

Thank God for the peace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal,
Work, the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it,
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

“Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.

Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it,
 And what is so huge as the aim of it,
 Thundering on through death and doubt,
 Calling the plan of the Maker out;
 Work, the Titan; Work, the Friend,
 Shaping the earth to a glorious end;
 Drawing the swamps and blasting the hills,
 Doing whatever the spirit wills;
 Rending a continent apart
 To answer the dream of the master heart.
 Thank God for a world where none may shirk,
 Thank God for the splendor of work!"

Angela Morgan.

Procrastination.

"Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer;
 Next day, the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals till all are fled."

Rules of conduct leading to the formation of this work habit constitute the ethics of industry. For a broad, sweeping but definite statement, covering physical industry, and providing for the elimination of the idler from the group, see Doctrine and Covenants 75:29.

In the first sentence every individual is drafted into the ranks of industry; the second sentence demands of the individual either divorce from idleness or a separation from the group.

Conservation of time is made a duty in section 60:13.

Provisions are made in section 42:42 for the placing of charity beyond the reach of solthfulness.

The duty of full, free, and initiative service is set forth in section 58:26-29.

In section 31:5 we discover an ethical principle providing for an equitable balance between service and compensation.

From a careful consideration of this text one is led to conclude that it would be unethical to accept the promised wage unless faithful labor is performed; and in the light of such a conclusion we can scarcely escape the thought that for over-service provision should be made for more than the stipulated compensation.

A rule against even a near approach to slothfulness is given in section 90:18.

Review Questions and Problems.

1. What part of the hymn "Do what is right" can be accepted by a man who has no religion, or does not believe in God?
2. What is the difference between activity and industry?
3. What is the difference between business and "buzzyness"? Illustrate.
4. Explain what is meant by a confirmed procrastinator.
5. At which door of duty does the thief of time find most easy entrance into your individual life? Discuss the excessive holiday problem.
6. The habit of industry being a virtue, how can a sacred Sabbath day be prevented from interfering with the joy-giving function of this virtue or work habit? (See Doc. and Cov. 59:9-19.)
7. If ethics requires full service before agreed upon compensation can be accepted, what would be the natural conclusion concerning both overtime and extra achievement?
8. Dr. Carver, in his *The Religion Worth Having*, claims that the non-productive become the rejected of God. What verification of this statement do we find in Doctrine and Covenants 75:29?

Lesson Eleven—Ethics of Industry (Intellectual)

“With all thy getting, get understanding.” Thus spake the Hebrew sage.

The relative value of physical and intellectual industry is indicated in section 11:7.

The rule of conduct requiring one to study his duty is set forth in section 107:99, 100.

In the meridian of time the Savior voiced this great rule of life, “And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” Through Joseph the prophet the Lord revealed what he refused to reveal to Pilate, namely, what truth is. See Doctrine and Covenants 93:24. What a field for study!

The here and now value of intellectual industry is emphasized by recognizing it as a basis for position and power in the hereafter. See sections 130:18, 19; 90:31.

The duty of the widest intellectual effort is set forth in Doctrine and Covenants 93:53, and not only the acquisition of knowledge, from a broad field of information, but the delight of discrimination of the truth is emphatically proclaimed. (Doc. and Cov. 88:78, 79.)

Sir Francis Bacon said that he had taken all knowledge for his province. Impossible though it is for finite man to encompass such an ideal, yet God has commanded that his children should seek for knowledge concerning all things; without limitation as to place, time, or substance.

That the right to leadership is based upon the ability to see clearly the way is most tersely set forth in Doctrine and Covenants 93:36.

Diligence is indispensable to victory. (See section 103:36.)

A study of section 9:7-10 reveals to us how closely intellectual industry and inspiration are related.

Problems.

1. Quote from the Doctrine and Covenants in support of the rule of conduct, “Shun the contamination of slothfulness.”

2. Illustrate the difference between seeking wisdom and picking up ideas.

3. Quote a parallel from the Doctrine and Covenants of this ethical aphorism: “No permanent success without preparedness.”

4. Give the Prophet Joseph’s inspired definition of truth.

5. Psychology defines truth as a state of mental certitude; with this definition, what difference may exist between knowledge and truth?

6. When is ignorance more than a misfortune, and what is the natural penalty provided for the sin of not knowing what you have had the opportunity to learn?

7. Under what circumstances is it unethical to be ignorant?

8. Among the causes of failure in life looseness of mind is said to be one of the greatest. Show how intellectual industry would remove this cause.

9. Connect up the thirteenth article of faith with that great ethical rule: “Overcome evil with good.”

10. Discuss this problem from an ethical or human duty point of view: Intellectual laziness is an unpardonable sin.

General Review Questions.

If religion has persisted for good with the race, and if the individual and social life is fuller with religion than it is without it, is it ethical or unethical to teach atheism? Why?

If the yearnings for immortality are accepted as among the good things here and now, why is it unethical to deny immortality?

Why is it an ethical duty to try to be religious?

*Lesson Twelve—Ethics of Temperance**Stimulants, Narcotics, Foods.*

He who is habitually temperate is possessed of one of the cardinal virtues.

Temperance means abstaining from the use of bad things, and from the excessive use of good things. As to what is good and what is bad, ethics is dependent on the experience of man and the revelations of God; and once again we are confronted with the inadequacy of ethics as to what is immediately and remotely the best for the human race.

Even at this stage of development, when divinity, through the prophet, and science, through nature, has proclaimed against narcotics and stimulants, we find a majority of mankind thinking and speaking of good tea, and good coffee, and good tobacco, and in some localities, good brandy.

The revelation recorded in the book of Doctrine and Covenants, under the caption of the "Word of Wisdom," furnishes material for a more than up-to-date set of rules on temperance in eating and drinking.

Avoid strong drink. Doc. and Cov. 89:5-7.

The internal use of tobacco limited to the brute, and even then accompanied with danger. Doc. and Cov. 89:8.

Tobacco for external use only, 89:8.

Tobacco dangerous for external use without skill, 89:8.

Avoid hot drinks, 89:9.

Suit diet to the season of the year, 89:11.

Eat meat sparingly, 89:12.

Grateful cheerfulness should accompany eating, 89:12.

Limit the use of meat to necessity, 89:13, 14, 15.

Aim at variety in diet, 89:16. Food selection should be based upon suitability rather than upon economics and appetite, 89:17.

Health and strength centers are preserved by simple living, 89:18.

Frugal fare is essential to the highest intellectual achievements, 89:19.

Judicious control of appetite enhances and ensures physical endurance, 89:20.

Fortify against disease and death by consistent living, 89:21.

Problems.

1. In what respect has the Word of Wisdom been proved to be pre-scientific in furnishing the race with the rules of health?

2. In what particulars has science and experience fairly caught up with the prescientific announcement made in revelation?

3. In what particulars is evolved ethics still far behind the revealed ethics of this document?

4. Perform this experiment in the class. Let a smoker draw his mouth full of smoke, and then breathe it out on a white silk handkerchief. Note how the handkerchief is colored. Let him now inhale a whiff of smoke and emit it through his nostrils on another clean white handkerchief. Note the absence of color on the handkerchief. What's the conclusion?

5. Mr. McKeever, of Kansas, who is known for his reform work among boys, and his activity in the "Swat the Cigarette" campaign, asserts that nicotine may be extracted from the socks of the boy who smokes cigarettes. What about the marrow in his bones? What about the hidden treasures of knowledge for him?

6. Why should every young man and every young woman read *The Little White Slaver*?

Note to the Teacher. Appoint two persons, one from the young men's section of the class, and one from the young women's section, to answer this question, and allow each ten minutes of the next session.

W PASSING EVENTS W



Argentine troops have been mobilized along the border of Brazil, anticipating trouble in case of an uprising of German colonists in Brazil.

East Africa has been completely cleared of the Germans whose every colony is now (December 3) occupied by Allied forces.

The Rainbow Division of the United States army, composed of National Guardsmen from every state in the Union arrived safely in France, Nov. 30, and went immediately into training.

The Diet of Finland, a western province of Russia, which has declared itself independent, voted in late November that it should exercise all the powers formerly held by the Czar as Grand Duke of Finland.

The Red Cross national drive for an annual membership of 5,000,000 members began Dec. 17. Utah's quota was \$60,000. The first day more than \$11,000 of that amount was collected in Salt Lake City alone. The campaign closed Dec. 24.

The two-year war cost to the United States is placed by Secretary McAdoo, in his annual report to Congress at \$36,000,000,000, and the Secretary appeals to every American citizen to forego all needless expenditure that the wealth of the country may be conserved for the purposes of war.

Brazil, which country lately declared war against Germany, has sent a commission to the United States. This military commission from Brazil, consists of Col. Alepo Gama, Major Borges, Capt. Alexander Bueno, Capt. Lisbon, Lieut. Athon Santes, Lieut. Luis Noguera, and H. C. DeMartins Pinheco, Consul General from Brazil in the United States.

American engineers, working at railway building on the western front in France, were caught in an enemy encircling movement at Cambrai, December 3, and a number of them were killed. They fought the enemy with their tools, being without arms. The courage, coolness, and discipline of these men were highly praised. A number were taken prisoners and later rescued.

Jerusalem surrendered to the British on the morning of December 9, 1917, when after a desperate resistance by the Turks the day previous, the mayor and chief of police came out with a flag of truce and surrendered the town. There was great rejoicing when General Allenby advanced to take the city, both by Jew and Arab, and the inhabitants of the Holy City are heart and soul with the British.

War Savings Certificates. A new savings plan, as simple as the purchase of postage stamps, was started by Secretary McAdoo, December 3. One may invest as little as 25 cents at a time at post offices and banks, and other public places where information may be obtained. Certificates bearing 4 per cent interest will be dated January 2, 1918, and will mature Jan. 1, 1923. The entire wealth of our country is behind them as security. Get in and save.

At the Italian front the Roman armies retired to the Piave where they were safely ensconced by November 12, and where terrible fighting took place for more than two weeks, and continued with more or less fury up to

December 18, the Italians holding their ground in both cases, with fearful loss of life on both sides. By November 25 French and British troops and guns arrived, and it was felt that the great danger was over and that the Italians would be able to hold indefinitely the Piave line.

The new Inter-Entente War Council was held in Paris, on November 29, and following days. The American delegates were headed by Col. E. M. House, and General Bliss, chief of the army staff. Col. House announced that the United States would be represented in the Supreme War Council established by the Premiers of England, France and Italy and that General Tasker H. Bliss and Admiral Benson would act as military advisers to the council. The purpose of the council is to unify the action of the Allies both on land and sea.

Milton H. Sevey, of the class of 1914, University of Utah, a former prominent student, and president of the student body, was killed in an automobile accident in Southern Utah on December 9, 1917. He was a son of Mr. Sevey and Mary Heywood Sevey, and was about 28 years of age. In his senior year he took a leading part in many of the activities of the institution being on the *Chronicle* staff and member of a number of fraternities. A younger brother, Heber Sevey, is now president of the University student body.

The Railway situation in the United States does not appear to be very satisfactory. From a report of the Bureau of Railway Economics for the month of August, 1917, it appears that the Western Railways' operating revenue per mile, exceeded those for August, 1916, by 7.5%. The operating expense rose 16.7%. The net operating revenue decreased 5.7%. The taxes increased 20.4%. Operating income per mile decreased 9.2%. For the eight months of the calendar year, 1917, the operating expense per mile decreased 15.9% in the east, increased 3.3% in the south, and increased 5.5% in the west.

Halifax, the great British naval base in Canada, was devastated, Dec. 6, by an explosion and fire almost if not unparalleled in history. Two vessels, the French munition ship *Mt. Blanc*, loaded with high explosives, and the Belgian steamer *Imo* collided in the harbor. A general fire and destruction followed. More than 2000 people were killed outright and many thousands were rendered homeless or were wounded, while the destruction of property mounted into many millions. The explosion was heard 61 miles away, and destroyed all telegraph and telephone installation for 30 miles around Halifax, and freight cars were blown off railway tracks along a stretch of nearly two miles.

Bishop Robert McQuarrie, for forty years bishop of the Second Ward, Ogden, died Nov. 27, and was laid to rest in the Ogden cemetery, funeral services being held in the Ogden Tabernacle, Sunday, Dec. 2, 1917, where a beautiful program of music was rendered by the tabernacle choir and many soloists. Among the speakers were President Charles W. Penrose, and President John L. Herrick of the Western States mission. Bishop McQuarrie was born in Scotland, Aug. 17, 1832, was baptized in 1853, and came to Utah Sept. 12, 1857, immediately settling in Ogden where he took a working interest in almost every activity—religious, social, political and economical—that tended to the welfare of the people and the building up of the country.

General Byng continued the work of holding the western front in France and was successful notwithstanding the Germans hurried large reinforcements from the Russian and Italian fronts. The British advance was fiercely contested, and artillery firing during the time up to December 18, was heavy along the whole battle line. It is estimated by the French authorities that the Germans have 3,724,000 soldiers in active service on the western front,

but even greater armies are opposed to them. The fiercest counter attack on the British forces on the west front was made Dec. 14, on which latter date the British headquarters in France announced that the great German counter offensive had ceased, the German drive having missed its end, at enormous sacrifice of life.

Professor Evan Stephens was sustained as music director of the Granite Stake of Zion by unanimous vote of the stake conference, held on Sunday, November 25. His mission is to unite the musical organizations in the stake, and so co-ordinate the work and the material that each ward will build up the other, with the ward choir at the head in each ward, and with the united choirs so trained, that they can at any and all times, unite into one organization for stake use, without having a special stake choir. It is also intended to unite the musical forces of the auxiliary organizations of the stake, so that there shall be no conflict, but rather a united effort, having each in perfect accord and giving aid to the other. A stake music committee of four will be his immediate aides, under direction and support of the stake presidency and bishops.

The Utah Coal Road began operations on November 30, and by December 18 operated between Provo and the coal fields of Carbon, Grand and Emery counties in almost full service. They have some 2000 cars with a capacity of 100,000 pounds each which will be devoted entirely to hauling coal. This should wipe out the coal shortage in Utah completely.

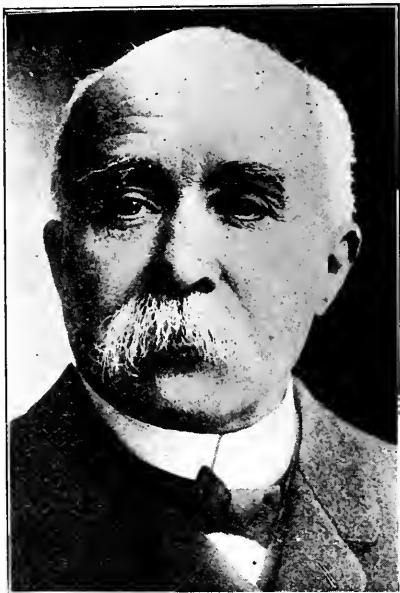
The United States airship program calls for the construction of 75,000 aeroplanes and 150,000 motors before the end of this year.

On Nov. 23, Rear Admiral W. L. Capps, who succeeded Gen. Goethals, resigned as general manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and was succeeded by Rear Admiral Frederick R. Harris, chief of the Bureau of Docks and Yards. Contracts have been let for 884 vessels aggregating 4,724,300 tons, and 426 vessels have been requisitioned, aggregating 3,029,508 tons, already on the ways; all vessels to be completed by January 7, 1919.

The re-convened sixty-fifth Congress of the United States, opened on December 3. In a stirring address to the joint session, President Wilson, among other things, declared for an immediate declaration of war against Austria, which was later made by Congress, and demanded no let-up in the struggle now going on, until autocracy is crushed. He epitomized the conditions upon which the war must now be carried on and these are, according to the President, an immediate declaration of war against Austria-Hungary, victory to be the sole object of immediate consideration; no compromise with autocracy; no thought of premature peace, and a demand that the present Hohenzollern government shall go. Justice, reparation and security are the watchwords. Speaker Champ Clark of the House, presided jointly with Vice President Marshall, while President Wilson made his address. On Dec. 7 the President signed the resolution declaring the existence of a state of war between the United States and Austria-Hungary.

The Bolsheviks, with Nikolai Lenine as premier, and Leon Trotzky, a Russian-American, as foreign minister, both Russian extremists, obtained control of Petrograd, November 7, and compelled a complete change in the administration. By the 11th a reign of terror convulsed Petrograd at which the Bolsheviks gained the upper hand, declaring for an immediate armistice, for the negotiation of a general peace, for the confiscation of all church lands, as well as state lands, and lands of private ownership, all of it to be immediately distributed among the peasants. Some battles took place between the Kerenski and Korniloff forces and the Bolsheviks in and near Moscow in which the latter appear to have been successful. Proposals of an armistice until January 14, were made to Germany, beginning Nov. 28, and by Dec. 17 it was announced that the armistice had reached definite results, and on the day following Dr. Von Kuehlmann, for Germany, and

Count Czernin, for Austria, arrived at Brest-Litovsk, to begin negotiations with the Bolsheviki government for a general European peace. Trotzky has notified all the allied embassies of these negotiations and asked them to participate and say whether they wish peace. In a speech of Premier Lloyd George, of Britain, a few days before, he stated that he would regard overtures of peace, at a time when the Prussian military spirit was drunk with boastfulness, as a betrayal of the trust with which he and his colleagues had been charged.



Premier Clemenceau of France

Georges Clemenceau, Premier of France. Ex-Premier Georges Clemenceau who accepted the invitation of President Poincare to form a new cabinet in France. He said that he expected to need forty-eight hours for the task of getting together a new group of ministers with himself as Premier. Premier Clemenceau initiated the campaign against German propagandists, the issue on which the Painleve cabinet fell. Despite his seventy years, he is still vigorous, and exhibits many of the characteristics that earned him the title of the "tiger."

Edward H. Callister, a prominent political leader, newspaper man and ranchman, died in Salt Lake City, on Friday, November 23, 1917. He was born in Salt Lake City, December 29, 1862. His parents were born on the Isle of Man, and came to Utah in 1854. Mr. Callister was a member of the Salt Lake City council from 1889 to 1893, and since that time was an ac-

tive and leading worker in the Republican party, having served as state chairman in 1900, and a U. S. Internal Revenue collector, from July, 1901, to November, 1913. He was one of the incorporators of the *Herald-Republican* which he later managed until quite recently. He married Louise Eddington, in 1888, and they have five children. He was a chief promoter of the marble industry of the state, and also he stood at the head of the Utah wool growers. In political, industrial, as well as religious affairs, he was straightforward, proficient and energetic. At his funeral, on November 25, President Joseph F. Smith said: "He was true as steel to his friends, to his parents, and to the Latter-day Saints. For these things and many others, I have learned to love him. I felt, throughout my whole long acquaintance with him, that when I placed my trust in him, I would not be deceived or betrayed. This was one of the strongest characteristics of his life; he never betrayed a friend. Full of courage and intelligence, he was fearless before all men." Eulogies of his conduct and character were also given by other speakers including President Charles W. Penrose and Judge Loofbourn.

Julian Young Burton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Burton, of Salt Lake City, Utah, who is with the American Volunteer Ambulance Corps in France, was decorated, October 30, 1917, with a French War Cross for courage, bravery and presence of mind, shown in removing numerous wounded soldiers under bombardment, on October 23, 24 and 25. In writing to his parents, he says that he was greatly surprised to be called out

on one occasion and to have the chief surgeon of the second-class, chief of the Health Department of the 38th Division, read something in French, after having called him forward, and pinning the *Croix de guerre*, or the War cross, on his breast.

Mr. Burton says that he had been washing the ambulance car all the morning, and was very dirty and in need of a shave, he was clad in his flannel trousers and khaki shirt, when the Lieutenant came to the barracks and asked him to go up to the post with him. There it was stated that both the French and the American Lieutenants, fifteen in number, were to be decorated. Besides these, Mr. Burton was called and received a war cross as stated.

Alberta's Loyalty in Production and Men. Eminent statesmen have declared, and the war thus far has proved conclusively the fact that the production of foodstuffs, is as important a factor in deciding who shall be the victor, as the man power. During the year ending Aug. 31, during which time the 1916 crop was moved, the gratifying total of 36,000,000 bushels of grain was shipped from the railway lines tributary to the City of Lethbridge, covering a radius of one hundred miles square. If the grain were loaded into cars which ordinarily hold 1,200 bushels, and stood end to end, they would reach 230 miles. The fact that virgin soil of Alberta has yielded so abundantly, the past few years, cannot help but have its effect, though small it might be, on the duration of the present gigantic struggle.

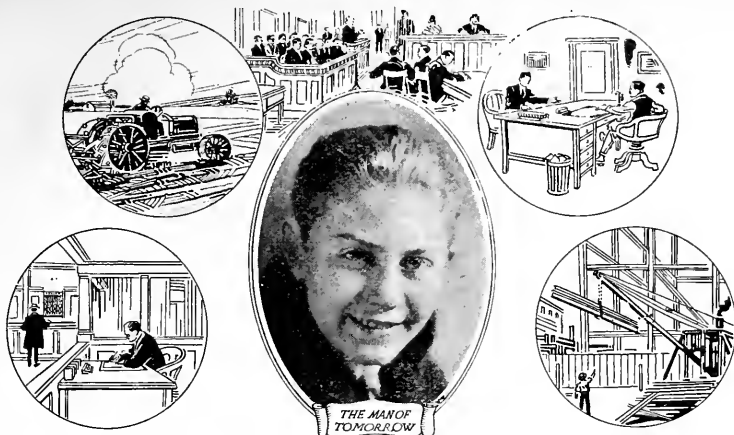
In riding over the broad fields, the spectator's gaze is met by numerous stacks of straw, and beside each stack is located a grain bin, with a capacity of from 1,000 to 1,200 bushels. The shortage of labor necessitates the farmer building granaries, in order for him to market his grain during his leisure time after threshing is completed. It is not an uncommon sight to see 20 portable bins in the fields of some extensive farmer, which taken together would hold as much as an ordinary grain elevator, 30,000 bushels. As a result of the three bounteous harvests, and the exorbitant prices received, farmers who were barely able to eke out an existence from the products of the farm, several years ago, are now comparatively wealthy. They do not forget, however, that the war is mainly responsible for their prosperity, as is evidenced by their liberal donations to the Patriotic fund. In two days over \$4,500 were raised in Magrath for the fund, which averaged over \$4 for every man, woman and child in the town.

Just subsequent to the outbreak of the war, Premier Sir Robert Borden, promised the Imperial Government that Canada would furnish 500,000 men to assist in prosecuting the war, which meant that one out of every 16 persons in the Dominion would eventually see service across the water. Alberta is practically the only province that has raised her quota of the half million men. The proffered number of soldiers have not been forthcoming through the volunteer system, mostly as a result of the French Canadians of Quebec, who cling to the traditions of their forefathers and fail to get enthusiastic enough to furnish any appreciable number of troops. The volunteer system has been replaced by conscription, after strenuous weeks of debating at Ottawa, the outcome of which has baffled many a politician. The Prime Minister has stated that special leniency will be shown all persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, or any trade or occupation that has a bearing on the success of the war. Judging from the fact that the population of Alberta is composed mostly of producers, and that she has furnished more than her quota of men, it is highly probable that conscription will not be felt with such an effect in the Province. The Latter-day Saints have proved their loyalty to the government under which they reside, by sending a number of their boys to the front, who have the record of being some of the finest specimens of manhood in the ranks. Some few already have been killed by the shells of German guns.—*E. Pingree Tanner.*

General Efficiency Report of Y. M. M. I. A. for November, 1917

STAKES	Member- ship	Class Work	Special Activities	Scout Work	Social Work	ERA	Fund	Vocations and Industries	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Meeting	Ward Officers' Meetings
Alberta.....										
Alpine.....										
Banock.....										
Bear Lake.....	5	5	10		5	5			10	5
Bear River.....	10	10	10	5		5			10	
Beaver.....										
Benson.....										
Big Horn.....										
Bingham.....										
Blackfoot.....	5	5	10		5	5			10	5
Boise.....										
Box Elder.....	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	10
Cache.....	5	10	10	10	5	5		10	10	10
Carbon.....										
Cassia.....	10	5	10		5	5			10	5
Cottonwood.....										
Curlew.....										
Davis North.....										
Davis South.....										
Deseret.....	5	5	10			5		5	10	5
Duchesne.....										
Emery.....										
Ensign.....	5	5	10	10	5	5	5	5	10	10
Fremont.....										
Granite.....										
Hyrum.....										
Idaho.....										
Jordan.....	10	5	5	5	5				5	5
Juab.....										
Kanab.....	10	10	10		10	10	5		10	5
Liberty.....										
Malad.....										
Maricopa.....	10	10	10		10	10	10	5		10
Millard.....	10	10	10		5	5				10
Moapa.....	5	10	10	10	5	5			10	5
Morgan.....										
Nebo.....										
North Sanpete.....										
North Weber.....	10	5	10		5	5			10	10
Ogden.....										
Oneida.....	5	5	10		5	5	5	5		5
Panguitch.....										
Parowan.....										
Pioneer.....										
Pocatello.....										
Portneuf.....										
Raft River.....	10		10			5			10	
Rigby.....										
Salt Lake.....			10	10	5			10	10	10
St. George.....										
St. Johns.....										
St. Joseph.....										
San Juan.....										
San Luis.....										
Sevier.....										
Shelley.....	5	5	5	10				10		5
Snowflake.....										
South Sanpete.....										
Star Valley.....										
Summit.....									10	5
Taylor.....										
Teton.....										
Tintic.....	5	10	10	10	5	10			10	10
Tooele.....	10	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	10	10
Uintah.....										
Union.....	10	10	10		10	5			10	5
Utah.....										
Wasatch.....										
Wayne.....										
Weber.....										
Woodruff.....										
Yellowstone.....	10	5	5	5		5		5	10	10
Young.....										
California Mission...	10	10	10		5	5	5			5

A stake report must be sent to the Secretary of the General Board, 21 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, by the 10th of each month, to be published monthly in the ERA. When the report shows that the requirements in General Efficiency have been reached, it is indicated by placing 10 in the proper space; if half, place 5. When stakes are below half General Efficiency requirements, it is indicated by a blank. (See Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book, pp. 17, 18, for regulations.)



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Efficiency reports are printed in this number for November. Is yours among them? We look for every stake to be reported for December by January 10. "Can't get 'em from the wards" is no excuse.

Several papers were crowded out of this issue to give place for the very readable and important articles in this number, for the classes of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums. Three additional lessons of great interest will appear in the February number.

Improvement Era, January, 1918

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